This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THIS BOOK

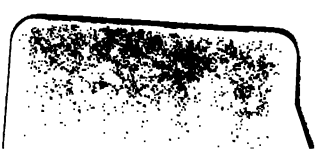
Belongs to Rowley's

CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

EDMONTON.

For the accommodation of ſubſcribers pleaſe to return this as ſoon as read.

*** *Stationary, Bookbinding, &c.*



600055068U

THE METROPOLIS.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

THE

METROPOLIS;

OR,

A CURE FOR GAMING.

Interspersed with

ANECDOTES OF LIVING CHARACTERS IN HIGH LIFE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

CERVANTES HOGG, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

THE RISING SUN, THE SETTING SUN, &c. &c.

How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of we three?
Now, Mercury, endue thee with pleasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

Clown, *Twelfth Night.*

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE

Minerva-Press,

FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

(Successors to Lane, Newman, and Co.)

LEADENHALL-STREET.

1811.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

249. s. 452.

THE METROPOLIS.

CHAP. I.

The Pleasure arising from a good Act—A Fox-hunting Baronet, and Bit of Blood—Great Folks how to be estimated—How to make their Insolence retort upon themselves—A Dialogue between the Fox-hunting Lady and her Fox-hunting Son concerning Marriage—Some of the extraordinary Qualifications of the Fox-hunting Baronet, and his Fox-hunting Tutor.

So impatient was Brian to alleviate the distress of Mrs. Adamson, that he hastened away, before Verjuice had quitted his pil-

low, to convey the gratifying intelligence to her. He took care not to break at once all the happiness which awaited her, but told her that her Grace of ——— was raising a subscription for her, which she hoped would put her in a way of maintaining herself and her family reputably; and asked if she had ever thought of any plan, and what sum she might think necessary to carry it into execution? Mrs. Adamson said, that being a very good needle-woman, she had thought of the ready-made linen line, in which her daughters would come to assist her as they grew up; the accommodation of lodgers would pay the rent of a house, and a little business would supply their necessities; but that as often as the idea had started, the want of a small capital had as often extinguished it. Brian asked

her

her what sum she might imagine would be sufficient for a beginning?

"Oh, Sir," replied she, "it is quite out of the question. Not less than two hundred pounds, I suppose."

"Well then, Madam, I have the pleasure to inform you that you may depend upon that sum, and even more. Look out for a situation so soon as you please; the money shall be ready for you."

Mrs. Adamson looked earnestly in his face, as if doubtful of the information of her ears; but, having heard it repeated, she grasped his hand, as the tear swelled her eye, and was about to drop on her knee, when Brian prevented her. By degrees he informed her of the whole extent of her good fortune, and when he had seen her tolerably calm, after so sudden a transition from despair to hope,

he left her with a promise of calling again within a few days.

On his return home he was surprised to find Augustus Thrum at the breakfast-table, with Mrs. Marsden and Verjuice. After the usual civilities, Augustus informed Brian, that he was come, by the desire of his father, mother, and sister, to remind him and Mr. Verjuice of their promise to renew their visit, and to prevail on them to accompany him back to Ewel.

"How did you find us out?" said Brian.

"Miss Hewson," answered he, looking archly, "is at our house, and she furnished me with your address."

"Oh! I remember now to have given it to her when at your house, some letters having been left at her father's for me."

Verjuice

Verjuice pleaded some urgent business, which required his immediate attention, and would prevent his accompanying Augustus, which he insisted on Brian's doing, and promised to come and fetch him if he should think his stay too long. Then, giving Brian a significant look, he told him to take his pleasure, and leave business to him for a while.

Brian and Augustus set off, and on the road, soon after leaving the house, the latter said that his sister had desired him to hint that the company of Captain Fascine might not be disagreeable to Brian on his excursion. Brian laughed so heartily, that Augustus wished to know whether (as he had some slight suspicion) there was not something between his sister and the Captain?

"I had the pleasure of introducing

him to your sister," answered Brian, "as I shall presently have that of introducing you to each other; but you saw him at Epsom, and I need not say any thing to you about his personal qualifications. As to the rest, he is a gentleman of strict honour, a sincere friend, and I could wish no better to your sister and himself, than to see their happiness indissolubly united and derived from each other."

"If that be the case," said Augustus, "the Captain has no time to lose, for the enemy is already in his camp. The dashing Lady Spanker, and her booby son, Sir John, have been three days at our house, and their visit is on a matter of business—an avowed treaty of marriage. My father appears elated with the idea of a title and a splendid establishment for his daughter, as Sir John's estate

tate is large and unincumbered; but, for the Captain's comfort, my mother is disgusted at the coarse manners of both the mother and son, and the air of superiority which they affect—Sir John being a baronet, and my father only a knight. My sister, had she not been already prepossessed in favour of your friend the Captain, had the very same motives of disgust; and the confidence which her Ladyship and her son appear to entertain of their proposals being joyfully accepted, you must allow to be enough to disgust a girl of less sensibility and understanding. Excuse my partiality, but you know her."

"And expect her too much not to have deprecated such a sacrifice, even had not my esteem for Captain Fascine made me also partial. But all's well yet;

and, from what you say, the odds are in the Captain's favour. To a gallant soldier, obstacles are only so many *stimuli* to an exertion and resolution to overcome them."

They found the Captain just stirring, who received Augustus's invitation with so much pleasure, that, without swallowing his breakfast, he huddled a few necessaries into a portmanteau; and in less than an hour the *triad* left town in a post-chaise.

On their entering the gates of the knight's mansion, the rattling of the wheels drew the family and guests to the parlour windows, and the *view hollow* was given in style by Sir John, accompanied by his friend the Rev. Mr. Scentwell. This *stentorian* reception was, however, scarcely perceptible to the nerves of Brian

Brian and the Captain, who forgot all other objects at the sight of Miss Hewson and Miss Thrum; the former of whom nodded with a bashful reserve, whilst the latter, with her natural sprightliness and ease, waved her handkerchief with unfeigned tokens of satisfaction. The usual ceremonies having taken place, which to all well-bred folks are tedious, and we shall pass them over as such, out of complaisance to our well-bred readers, pleasure and ease seemed to be the order of the day with every one but Lady Spanker, who kept up a stately distance, which was passed over with suitable neglect. Indeed her airs were quite lost upon the Captain and Brian, the former of whom had passed great part of his life among the *haut ton;* and the latter, al-

though he had enjoyed but a very short acquaintance with *great folks*, and dreaded his first *entrée* among them, as *Daniel* was terrified at his introduction into the *lions' den*, had now experienced that they were a very harmless, inoffensive set of creatures to men of sense. He found, it is true, as he expected, a Miss Fanny Howe, Young Hector, Miss Jenny, Miss Charlotte, Miss Betsey, Traveller, Harry, and others of the wild beasts in the Tower, who, if they did not actually prey upon beasts of inferior strength, would destroy their happiness, and gorge themselves upon scandal; but they were easily resisted. The mean art of awing people into a consciousness of inferiority, or the more insolent one of quizzing or staring them out of countenance, the

Captain

Captain and Brian alike despised, and valued rank only when supported by talents.

At dinner-time, the fish and game upon the table furnished such a variety of topics for the Baronet and the Knight, and they were so remarkably communicative of their knowledge upon those subjects, the former in destroying and the latter in dishing them up, that the rest of the company could scarcely get in a word; indeed, the young ladies, the Captain, and our adventurer, seemed to have no great appetite either for food or conversation.

After dinner, Lady Thrum, having in vain attempted to draw on a general conversation, proposed to the ladies to take a turn in the garden, accompanied by such of the gentlemen as should pre-

fer their company to the bottle. Brian, the Captain, and Augustus, immediately declared themselves of the party; the Baronet decided on sticking to the bottle with the Knight, and his mother, giving him a look of mingled anger and contempt, followed the rest into the garden.

For reasons, which the reader will be at no loss to guess, Lady Spanker attached herself to Miss Thrum during the whole of the walk; and Lady Thrum accompanying Charlotte and Brian, the lovers had no opportunity of breathing out their melting eloquence; so that nothing transpired worthy of the reader's notice. It was in vain that Augustus tried to engage the attention of Lady Spanker, to afford the Captain the so-much-wished-for occasion.

Whether

Whether her Ladyship had gathered any thing from the language of the eyes during dinner-time or not, she certainly began to entertain some suspicion that her son would find a rival in the Captain. As she imagined this interference to be a high insult to the Baronet's merit and pretensions, she despised the Captain heartily, and Miss Thrum not much less, for encouraging, what she deemed, his insolence. Her every look and word betrayed her resentment; but the objects of it saw through her motives, and gave an additional sting by the most lively sallies and easy pleasantry. Charlotte and Brian, more timid, conversed only by occasional glances, and the latter had no reason to be dissatisfied with this mute conversation. Her Ladyship's ill-

nature

nature and reserve increased during the remainder of the day, as she evinced by a disdainful taciturnity, and peevish answers, when she was particularly addressed, and could not avoid giving a reply. On her son she bestowed only looks of anger and contempt; who, however, as well as the Knight, were half-seas over, and too much engaged in their own boisterous nonsense to pay much attention to any one besides.

At length her Ladyship observing the Captain and Miss Thrum wholly taken up with each other, and having been ever superior to the constraint of politeness, could contain no longer, and vociferated—"I think, Jack, we must get you a commission, since a red coat alone is able to engage all the attention of the

young

young ladies; you often throw away more upon a maggot race than would dub you a Captain."

This rude and pointed remark drew the attention of all the company, and of the Captain in particular, who noticed it only by throwing looks of the utmost contempt, first on the speaker, and next on her son, sufficiently expressive, however, of his sentiments of both. The rest of the company were confused and silent.

"Why you know, my Lady," replied Sir John, "that the Lord Lieutenant pressed me to accept a lieutenancy, and promised that I should have the first vacant captaincy; but I thought it would be doing the regiment too much honour."

"I think so indeed, Jack. I really pity many of the poor fellows, who are obliged

obliged to keep up the appearance of gentlemen merely on their pay."

"I thought, my Lady," observed Lady Thrum, with much apparent coolness, "that, by an act of Parliament, militia officers were obliged to have a certain qualification of income according to their rank; a lieutenant, for instance, one hundred pounds a-year."

"Oh dear, my Lady, the qualifications of officers in the militia, and those of members of Parliament, are pretty much alike; they can borrow them long enough to swear by. You know that, Jack?"

"Yes; I lent a qualification the other day."

"And could lend a dozen more, Jack, and hunt a pack of hounds after all."

"Aye, by G—, with any man in the kingdom, for five thousand, and here's my

my *done* first; I believe no one doubts *my* qualification in that respect. Hoicks! —hoicks!—stole away!" And here he went through the whole manœuvre of a pack, from the view-hollow to the death-shout.

Lady Spanker was so enraged at the Baronet's having so run on the *wrong scent* of the invidious revenge, which she wished him to have followed up breast-high, that she only muttered out the epithet *booby*, and sunk into her former stately sullenness. The Knight, who was wholly ignorant of her Ladyship's drift, renewed his conversation with the Baronet; and Lady Thrum, her daughter, Miss Hewson, and Augustus, fixed their eyes on the Captain, with the most expressive looks of contempt for Lady Spanker's indelicacy, which had only recoiled

coiled upon herself. To heighten her Ladyship's mortification, the Ladies not only resumed their former gaiety and sprightly conversation, which she had interrupted, but, to make atonement to the Captain, they paid the most marked attention to him.

Brian at first scowled contempt and indignation on Lady Spanker and her son; his resentment, however, soon vanished before his better sense, and he determined to make his talent for irony subservient to his revenge, by leading the Baronet to hold up his own character in its proper ridiculous light. With this view, having been bred up in a sporting country, and in his youth very much attached to the sports of the field, he began to chime in with the Baronet—boast of his own feats, in having drank off pint bumpers

bumpers of port, in which foxes' feet had been immersed—and concluded by declaring that he would rather kiss the lips of a favourite hound, than those of any woman whatever. The booby fell plump into the snare—fell from the chair on his knees—clenched a similar protestation with a solemn adjuration and a bumper, to the high entertainment of the rest of the company; who, not even excepting Lady Spanker, perceived Brian's aim. He had no sooner attained his end, than he burst into a shout of laughter, in which the company joined him; and Lady Spanker, unable to bear this mortification any longer, rang for her waiting-woman and withdrew, charging all her son's folly on the strength of the Knight's wine. The company, however, very justly attributed

attributed it to the weakness of the Baronet's intellects.

Lady Spanker had not left the room many minutes before her son received a summons to attend her; and the company being now left to a rational entertainment, which we will not pay the reader so ill a compliment as to imagine it to be an unusual treat at his own table, we shall follow the Baronet to a *conversatione* of another kind, which the fastidious reader may avoid, by skipping it over, if he or she so pleases; as if there should be any thing coarse or indelicate in it, the fault lies with the education and ebriety of the Baronet, and not with the author, who only sticks to nature in her coarser, that is, a more fashionable garb.

The

The Baronet found his mother so big with indignation, as to be unable for some moments to bring forth any connected sentences. She bellowed only the epithets of booby!—dolt!—ideot!—sot!—swine!

"Why what *vermin* has *crossed* the *track now?*" cries the Baronet. "Where have we been *at fault? Try back, try back,* there! I'll warrant we'll soon *lay 'em on* again."

"You stupid hound!—you babbler!" quoth her Ladyship, "*you* are *at fault,* and were I *whipper-in,* I would *lay the lash on* till you learnt better manners."

"Why, my Lady, I am at fault indeed; for rot me if I can tell what you are driving at. A'n't I running the *fox* as fast as I can gallop? All *holes stopped*—no running to earth—and if she stays above ground,

ground, she can't tip us the *go-by*, with all her *shifts*."

"Sot!—can't you see that there is one crossing the chace, who will carry her away from you?"

"The devil carry me away if he do! Keep her in view all the way. With all her *doubles* and feints, can neither skulk, dodge, nor throw us out, I tell ye."

"You're a fool, I tell ye."

"Can't help that. You and dad should have thought about putting a little more *sense* into my composition; but I don't feel any want of it."

"I dare say not; self-conceit is ever the curse of stupidity. I tell you that that red-coat beggar is riding across the country, to intercept the chace."

"So let him if he will; the more sportsmen the better the sport, and the

greater the honour of beating them all. D'ye doubt my dashing? Ye ought to know best what stuff I'm made of."

"I know very well what stuff giddy girls are made of, and that a *bit* of *scarlet* is the surest bait to snare them with. They love attention—to be always waited upon."

"Why, zounds! a'n't I now sticking close enough?"

"What! by getting drunk with her father, and leaving another to run down the game?"

"Pshaw! I'm only *lying by* a little, to let him run her *out of wind*, and then I shall swoop upon her. Ha!—dead!—dead! Carry her off in triumph, you shall see."

"She'll be too many for you."

"Yes,

"Yes, just as much as you were too many for my father."

"There was a vast difference between me and this girl; between my education and hers. I could distinguish merit."

"And so can she, you'll find. A'n't I a chip of the old block—*blood to the bone?* If she had got but half an eye, she must see what's what. She may coquet with the Captain a little, but I'm the boy at last; if I miss, it will be time enough for you then to say, that you and dad could get nothing better than a fool betwixt you. Have a little better opinion of yourself. As stupid a hound as you call me, you shall see that I'll soon send that red-coat spaniel to town with a flea in his ear."

"Well, Jack, I see you are determined to

to have your own way; *beat the bush* as you will, I'm resolved to break cover to-morrow morning."

"Very well; *put the game up,* and I'll bet the long odds I *stick to her* till she's *run down.* Heigh over!"

The Baronet now returned to the company in the parlour, so vain of his oratorical prowess and conquest over his mother, that he stunned them with his vociferation, and sent them to rest much sooner than they would have felt an inclination to have separated. The Baronet, after drinking confusion to all *milksops,* determined to keep it up, and therefore went in search of Scentwell.

The reader may, perhaps, wonder that this gentleman has never been once mentioned; the fact is, that neither his talents, education, nor inclination, being

congenial with refined conversation, whenever the Baronet was among other company than that of fox-hunters, the reverend gentleman, under pretence of indulging himself with smoaking a pipe, would retire to the servants' hall, and drink ale with the grooms. Here he maintained that superiority which he would have lost in the parlour, by recounting his hair-breadth 'scapes in fox-chaces—relating sporting anecdotes—singing Bacchanalian and hunting songs—and drinking *canonically*—that is, like a fish. He had got through several stories, and sung the songs of Old Towler, Tom Moody, Sportsman's Hall, &c. when the Baronet reeled into the hall, and his bawling out for the lantern was the well-known signal for his and Scentwell's giving the *Vicar and Moses*, as an acting duet.

duet. They went through the performance amidst the unbounded applause of the audience, consisting of the Knight's and Baronet's domestics.

CHAP. II.

A Midnight Ramble of the Baronet and his Tutor —A Rencontre with an Owl and with Gypsies— Their ludicrous Situation in the Morning— Apprehended as Thieves, and carried before a Justice—The Adventure concluded.

About the hour of midnight an unusual noise and fluttering was heard among the fowls in an out-house adjoining to the poultry-yard. The cackling of the fowls at such an hour raised suspicions that all was not right, and one of the servants gave it as his opinion that some thieves were

were plundering the roost. Authors have defined courage to be the result of nerves and spirits; such may be the origin of the genuine sort, but there is another of the bastard species, well known to the vulgar by the term of *pot-valiant*. The Baronet and Scentwell felt somewhat of the latter impulse; and the Baronet, having procured a loaded fowling-piece, sallied forth with Scentwell, who was armed with Moses's lantern, and some of the male domestics, to seize or frighten away the depredators. On examining the fowl-house, the birds were found flying about in great consternation; and, on a nearer inspection, the ground was discovered to be strewed with blood and feathers, and a small wooden shutter to have been forced open, through which the thieves had

gained an entrance, and made their escape with their booty.

The Baronet, who had heard that none but the brave deserved the fair, imagined that a shew of valour would be of weight in the affair which his mother was about to take in hand on the morrow, and he expressed his determination to set out in pursuit of the robbers. As the night was pitchy dark, Scentwell could not avoid offering to assist with his lantern, without suffering his courage to be called in question. The domestics, who felt no such motives either of fame or fear to signalize themselves, were more inclined to go to bed; and, after vainly representing the fruitlessness of a pursuit, and the impossibility of tracing the thieves in so dark a night, skulked back to the house. Our heroes, having pledged themselves

selves to the undertaking, resolved to put the best face upon matters, and marched on, like *Diomede* and *Ulysses*, on their famous expedition, which ended in stealing *Rhesus's* chariot and horses.

> Now o'er the fields they skulk away,
> Like bailiffs hunting for their prey.
>
> HOMER TRAVESTIE.

Scentwell marched two or three paces before with the lantern, and the Baronet followed with his gun cocked; they had not proceeded far before the light was suddenly extinguished, and ere the Baronet could stop to inquire the reason, he plunged into a pond, and was instantly laid hold of by Scentwell, who had preceded him. The lantern and gun were both sacrificed to their mutual safety, and it was not without much difficulty and floun-

"any more than yourself, of your *Tee-whit, tee-ho*, if that be all; but, to confess the truth, we were both terribly alarmed at first."

"True enough," quoth the Baronet; "we may confess the truth here, as there is nobody to overhear us; but we won't tell this part of our adventure at the Knight's, or they will say—that the owl and we three loggerheads be."

"Hush!" cries Scentwell, "we don't know but the thieves may be near us at this moment."

They now wandered about, being somewhat soberer for their cold-bath, and scrambled over hedge and ditch for a considerable time, when their eyes were saluted by a glare of light at a distance. They made towards it, in hopes of finding shelter, or at least of procuring a guide

a guide to conduct them back to the Knight's; but, to their no little dismay, as they drew nearer, they observed that the light proceeded from a fire in the open air. It instantly occurred to them that it was surrounded by some gypsies, and probably of the very same party as had plundered the Knight's roost. Being unarmed, and ignorant whether they might encounter friends or foes, they halted, and held another consultation; at length they concluded on disguising their errand, and endeavouring to get assistance to conduct them to the village of Ewel. They approached in silence, for fear of alarming the midnight wanderers, and making them take to flight.

They now came near enough to discern two gypsies, (for such they really were) and, on hailing them, they jumped

up, as if doubtful whether to stand or fly.

"Don't be afraid," cries Scentwell; "we are only a couple of travellers, who have missed our path, and wish to be put in the right track. We will reward you handsomely if you can assist us."

"To what place do you want to go?"

"To Ewel. We have been wandering in the dark, and are quite drenched from slipping into a pond; permit us to dry ourselves at your fire-side."

After a short pause, one of the gypsies demanded if there were no more than two of them, and, on being answered in the negative, told them to come on.

The wet and dirty condition of the Baronet's and Scentwell's clothes sufficiently bespoke their distress; and the gypsies, far from having any intention

of

of conducting them to Ewel, had formed a design of detaining them till after they should have decamped, as they meant to do at day-break, having committed too many depredations round about to tarry any longer. One of them, under pretence of getting some more fuel to keep up the fire, went away, and returned in a short time with two more of their fraternity, to the no little terror of our Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, who wished night adventures to the devil. After the same questions and answers had been repeated, one of the new-comers informed them that they were at least four miles from Ewel, which lay across the country, without any direct road leading to it, and that it would be impossible for them to find the way, or for any one to direct them to it in the dark. He added —"It

—"It will not be above three hours to day-break, and you may pass the time safely in our company, in a warm barn not far distant, if you choose. I suppose you know what we are?"

"You belong to the fraternity of gypsies, I presume," replied Scentwell.

"You are right. Our supper is in the pot over the fire, and you may find worse fare than pot-luck with us."

Although our heroes would have preferred wandering in the dark, yet, as they were wholly in the power of the gypsies, they did not think proper to betray any fear of them, and they accepted the invitation with a tolerable good grace. The two last comers conducted them to the barn, where they found three more men, about eight women and lasses, and a dozen children. Two ends of candle, stuck in

pieces

pieces of wood, scooped out for their reception, just dispelled the gloom around the circle, and throwing their gleam on the copper-faced gentry, afforded no small resemblance of an Indian party, which would have been complete, if the men and several of the matrons had been smoaking calumets instead of short bits of pipes. In point of dress, there could not be much superiority on either side, as the gypsies had laid aside every superfluous article to favour the agility of their motions in the merry dance.

One of their conductors, who appeared to be the chief of this vagrant tribe, welcomed them, in the name of the rest, and handed to each of them a tin cup, which held a full quartern of gin, observing, that a wet inside was the best antidote to a wet outside. The chief then gave the well-

well-known signal, by clapping his hands thrice, and the whole party jumped on their legs for a *frisk*, except one, who officiated as fiddler, who, after rosining his bow, began to rasp away the *Black Joke*. Nature all at once seemed to be in one of her merriest moods, and sported away in grimaces, antics, and gambols, whilst the tatters flew about in graceful, spiral evolutions, in unison with each motion. After the first dance was ended, the guests were invited to follow the example, and offered their choice of partners; they acquiesced—as also in a proposal which was made to them to exchange their clothes for such as they could be accommodated with, whilst their own were taken to the fire to be dried against the morning. Hosts and guests being now all of a garb, the dance recommenced;

menced; the guests gave way to the gaiety of their entertainers, and footed it about till the word was given that supper was coming in. All instantly formed a circle on the ground, which was covered with roasted potatoes and boiled fowls, part of which had not three hours before been alive and at roost in the Knight's out-house, as the Baronet and his friend rightly conjectured. Among other blessings attending on poverty and fortuitous livelihood, mirth and a good appetite were not wanting; and, besides the bladder of gin already on tap, another full one was sung in with—

"What life with a beggar's can compare?" &c.

The urchins behind gnawed the bones as they were handed to them half-picked by their seniors, and more vacant countenances

tenances never graced a cabinet-dinner, or a lord-mayor's feast; *Care* never dared to show her cankered visage within such a circle. After two or three bumper toasts, and a few songs, in which the Baronet and his friend could not do less than pay for their entertainment by bearing a part, the dance was resumed with increased glee.

Joyful they dance, and sing, and roar,
Till they can sing and dance no more;
Then smoke their pipes, and drink, and funk,
Till ev'ry soul got precious drunk.

Then all,

Rolling, like pigs, upon the floor,
Began, like aldermen, to snore.

HOMER TRAVESTIE.

We must now draw the curtains round them, that is, blow out the lights and leave

leave them to the screen of darkness. Whether the gypsies slept, or only feigned to sleep, (the latter is most probable) our adventurers, through fatigue and intoxication, fell to it so soundly, that day was some hours advanced before Scentwell awoke, and jogged his friend. Silence reigned—even the rats and mice had retired to their holes; but the copper-faced gentry had decamped to avoid the consequences of their depredations, and, in their haste, had forgot to awake their guests, and restore them their own clothes, as they too soon discovered to their infinite confusion.

"We cut mighty pretty figures here," observed Scentwell.

"Pretty indeed!" quoth the Baronet. "How the devil shall we get back?"

"In the same manner as we came," answered

answered Scentwell; "under the shades of darkness. We must be content, like our old friend *Tee-wit, Tee-ho*, to remain all the day in our barn, or all the little birds will be hunting after and pecking at us."

Fate however had decided quite otherwise, for the words were scarcely out of his lips before they heard the voices of some persons on the outside of the barn, and immediately hid themselves under their late straw beds. They had but just time to make themselves snug, as they imagined, before they heard a gruff voice exclaiming—"What the devil has been the matter here! Some cursed pigs, or thieves of gypsies, have littered here. Bring thy fork, Dan, and throw up this loose stuff in a heap."

This exclamation set our heroes quaking.

ing. Dan began his work, and at every step approached nearer to them; the next sweep would have, perhaps, stuck the prongs into the Baronet, if he had not jumped up, crying—"Hollow! hold your hand, and be d—d to you!"

As a terrier dog, with haggard ferocious eye leers at a cat, which, unable to fly, bristles up its back, and stands on the defensive, so stood Dan and the Baronet. The former, with his pitchfork, advanced in the attitude of a soldier charging with bayonet; and the latter, with his eyes fixed, in readiness to escape by a sudden spring from the threatened attack.

"Thieves, master—rogues!" cried Dan. "Take thou a fork!"

"Where, Dan, where? Stick 'un first! there be a gang of 'em—and then run thy fork into the straw!"

"For

"For God's sake, don't!" exclaimed Scentwell, springing up.

A parley now ensued. Scentwell assured the farmer that there were only himself and his friend; that they were gentlemen, who had lost their way on the preceding night, and having taken shelter in the barn, had been robbed of their clothes whilst they slept by some gypsies, who had left the rags with which they had been obliged to cover themselves. The farmer, who had taken heart the instant he heard that there were only two to encounter with, replied sneeringly—"You are a brace of pretty *gentlemen*, I see, and a very pretty story you've trumped up of your having been plundered by gypsies; you belong to the gang, and have robbed all the hen-roosts in the neighbourhood."

"Upon

"Upon my word," said Scentwell, "we are gentlemen, and of some distinction too. Lend us some decent clothes, and conduct us to Sir Jacob Thrum's, with whom we are acquainted, and you will not only find it so, but shall be handsomely rewarded for your civility."

"Mighty civil *gentlemen* indeed! Yes, yes, we'll conduct you to Sir Jacob's, and I shouldn't wonder at all if he be acquainted with you, for he is a justice of peace, and well known to such vagrants. You've done a pretty good stroke of business in this neighbourhood, and see here are all the bones of the fowls which you've stolen scattered about the floor."

"You're right enough, old boy," cries the Baronet; "you see that we did not want for a supper last night, although the

the devil a breakfast we've had this morning."

"A breakfast and clothes indeed! Did you think to come all that over me? If you be acquainted with Sir Jacob, he may give ye a breakfast, if he will, for ye shall go before him—so no more words: march along. Dan, do you look sharp; we'll give 'em the *rogues' march*, I warrant."

"Never mind," said the Baronet to Scentwell, "'twill be a devilish good joke; we'll begin the laugh first."

The procession now marched forward towards the Knight's mansion, whither we must hasten before them.

Lady Spanker was so full of her design, that she rose much earlier than usual, and found the Knight lamenting over

over his lost poultry. Her Ladyship would not lose so favourable an opportunity of taking him alone, and she immediately requested a private conversation for a few minutes; they withdrew into the pleasure-ground.

"There is not much occasion for ceremony, Sir Jacob," said her Ladyship, "when the parties treat upon equal terms, and the proposal which I am going to make to you I am willing to put upon that footing. My son is in possession of a clear income of seven thousand pounds a-year: he is, as most young men of rank, fortune, and fashion are, rather giddy, and superior to the restraints of *commoners*, as you know people of *our* condition ought to be, Sir Jacob; but there is a remedy for the giddiness of youth—can't you guess it?"

"Why, my Lady, I should suppose that age and experience will prove a certain remedy to that disease; I have found it so."

"I doubt not, Sir Jacob, that you have been a little wild in your juvenile days, and I wonder that you have not hit upon a *speedier* remedy—*marriage* I mean."

"Really, my Lady, they say that *marriage* is a *tamer*."

"Well, Sir Jacob, that brings us to our point. Whoever sees your daughter, must acknowledge, as I do, her excellent qualities; an union between my son and her appears suitable in age, and every other respect; I should think we may as well conclude upon it."

"Your Ladyship does us great honour. For my part, I should be very happy to see the two families united,

and,

and, so far as my consent goes, you have it, I assure you: but has the matter ever been mentioned to my wife or daughter?"

"Never, Sir Jacob."

"Why then you know, my Lady, it is proper they should be consulted."

"Of course, Sir Jacob; I only wished to ascertain previously whether the proposal would meet with your concurrence."

"My concurrence!—my hearty approbation! Daughters are pleasing troubles, that can't be too soon got off our hands, if they can be well settled."

"You are wise, Sir Jacob—girls' eyes are apt to be caught by false glare; the assiduity of fortune-hunters, the temptation of *red-coats*, are snares which a prudent father cannot remove too soon out of their way. It is a shame that govern-

ment does not interfere to put a stop to so many excursions to *Gretna-Green,* for no man is safe that his daughter may not be knocked down by a *blacksmith's* hammer. My son will offer fair terms—."

"No doubt, my Lady; but excuse my interruption:—I am somewhat uneasy about him. Some thieves broke into my poultry-yard last night; your son and Mr. Scentwell set out in pursuit of them, in spite of all remonstrances, and are not yet returned."

"Poh, poh! Sir Jacob, they are capable of taking care of themselves. I suppose that they slept at one or other of the adjoining villages; they will be back at breakfast. Is your Lady stirring yet?"

"I believe she may be down stairs by this time; if so, I will send her to your Ladyship, if it be agreeable."

"I shall

"I shall be extremely obliged to you, Sir Jacob; I will take a turn here till she comes."

Lady Thrum soon joined Lady Spanker, who renewed her overtures.

"Your proposal is highly flattering and advantageous," said Lady Thrum, "and I am fully sensible of the honour you mean to do us. In point of rank and fortune, we have more than reason to be satisfied. There is only one point remaining, but that is the most essential one. An union of hands, without an union of hearts, in my opinion, can never be productive of happiness. It rests with the parties to be united to form a judgment in that respect for themselves, and if my daughter approves of your son's addresses, I shall most cheerfully acquiesce in their union."

"I admire your Ladyship's candour. My son then has your consent, as well as Sir Jacob's, to offer his hand to Miss Thrum?"

"Most assuredly."

The company were assembled round the breakfast-table, when their attention was drawn towards the windows by repeated shouts, and a number of people were seen coming up the avenue to the house.

"Some justice business, I suppose," quoth the Knight. "I must ring for my clerk; and, my Lady, do be so kind as to bring me my *Burn* out of the bookcase. Aye, I see what 'tis; they have got two gypsies—some of the very thieves, perhaps, that stole my fowls last night. I sha'n't be long dispatching them."

The procession had gathered like a rolling

ling snow-ball, as Farmer Smut had called upon several people on the road, on whom the gypsies had committed depredations, and they joined the rout, with several idle fellows and boys, who were attracted through curiosity. Their joy at having caught two of the supposed depredators was the cause of their triumphant shouts, which they renewed at intervals, till they drew near the house. The Knight then threw up the sash, and Farmer Smut advanced before the rest, to acquaint his worship with their business.

"Aye, I dare say," quoth the Knight, "that they belong to the very same gang that robbed my hen-roost last night. Eight of my best fowls gone—rot their dainty stomachs! I plainly perceive they have hanging faces—thieves by their very looks."

The words had scarcely escaped from the Knight's mouth, before, to the no small astonishment of himself, the company whom curiosity had drawn to the windows, and the escort on the outside, the Baronet gave the view-hollow, in which he was echoed by Scentwell.

"Aye, aye, who the devil have we got here!" cries the Knight.

Lady Spanker, having reconnoitred the faces of the two supposed vagrants, was bursting with shame and indignation; and the rest of the company, looking at each other in amazement, could not refrain from bursting into a shout of laughter.

"Please your Honour," quoth Smut, "I don't know what sort of folks we've got here—devils mayhap; I'm sure they're devilish queer ones. However, your Worship

ship may know, perhaps, as they do say they are *gentlemen*, and acquainted with your Worship."

"Bring them into the house," says the Knight, "and order all the rabble to go away immediately, except such as have any business."

Then, turning to Lady Spanker, he desired her not to be out of temper, as it was only a youthful frolic, and he should soon be able to clear up the mistake.

Her Ladyship, upon this hint, conceived the idea of turning it all off as a laughable matter, and with an affected smile replied—"Really, Sir Jacob, I wonder how people can think of sending their sons to *universities*, where they pick up little else than the wildest vagaries, upon which they pique themselves, instead of imagining they are disgraced by

them. There is that *double-japanned* gentleman, as he styles himself, Mr. Scentwell, who, instead of restraining my son by his example and admonition, I will be bound has been the ringleader in this notable exploit. You will see that they will be the first to laugh, and make a merit of it."

"Well, well, my Lady, we shall soon set matters to rights, and true philosophy, you know, consists in laughing at misfortunes."

The Knight now went into the justice-room, and having demanded of the complainants if they were willing to deliver the prisoners into his care, and received their ready assent, he told them to retire and lay aside their disguise, and matters should stand over till their return. When the Baronet and Scentwell had resumed themselves and returned, the Knight,

with all the little gravity he could maintain, desired the complainants to make their charge, and Farmer Smut and Dan told in what situation they had discovered the prisoners, and the neighbours gave a piteous narrative of lost geese, turkies, ducks, and fowls. The Knight then demanded of the prisoners what they had to say for themselves, and they both burst into a fit of laughter; Scentwell, however, undertook the defence, and related the whole of their midnight adventure, except their encounter with *Tee-wit, tee-ho,* to the no small diversion of the audience, who were now sufficiently satisfied of their mistake. Their mirth was kept up by the Baronet's giving five guineas to be distributed among them, as a recompence for their losses and trouble; and after they had partaken of

a luncheon, which the Knight ordered to be set before them in the hall, they returned thanks, and went off in the highest glee imaginable.

The gun and lantern wese fished out of the pond, and the Baronet and Scentwell, not having the sense to keep their own secrets, blabbed out the story of *Tee-wit, tee-ho,* and were ever afterwards nicknamed, among the servants, the *Owl-hunters.*

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Clown turned Jockey, or the Knowing-one taken in—How to get rid of an Estate, or Money burns a Fool's Hands.

LADY Spanker affected to join heartily in the laugh which the story of the midnight adventurers occasioned, but she did not fail, in private, to read a severe lecture to the Baronet, on the interruption which his indiscretion had given to her negotiation. The Baronet, however, was of a quite different opinion; he imagined that his late exploit was a feather

ther in his cap, not having the sense to discern betwixt a laugh raised at his folly, or his cleverness. He had planned a scheme, which he imagined would raise his fame still higher; and, as it luckily coincided with her Ladyship's ideas, it answered the purpose of pacifying her.

The Baronet had some famous horses to run at the approaching October meeting at Newmarket, and he conceived that he should at least divide the applause of their prowess with his animals; his scheme was to prevail on the Knight's family to accompany them to Newmarket, where they would not only witness the superiority of his stud, but would moreover be dazzled by a new equipage and new liveries, which he had bespoke for the occasion.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding the happiness which Brian enjoyed in the presence of his Charlotte, with whom he had frequent opportunities of discoursing in private, although she ever discouraged the topic of love, he was not unmindful of the situation and anxiety of Mrs. Adamson, and he was impatient to fulfil his promise. Having expressed the necessity of his returning to town on urgent business, Lady Thrum and her family, with whom he was now become a great favourite, earnestly pressed for a longer stay; Brian informed them, that although the business required his presence, yet that it would not take up much time, and he promised to return within a few days. To make sure of it, her Ladyship said she would detain the Captain, who was willing enough to be left as a hostage.

Brian

Brian accordingly set off on the following morning, and having signified his return to her Grace of ———, through a channel which she had pointed out to him, she met him in the evening, and delivered to him the subscriptions which she had collected, and which Brian conveyed to Mrs. Adamson, who testified her joy and gratitude in the liveliest terms. She had already engaged a house in ——— Street, ———, and waited only to see her benefactor, to remove her family into it.

Verjuice was busily employed in preparing for the Newmarket races, and he advised his friend to omit no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the family at Ewel, and with the object of his affection, as he would not fail to give him notice when his presence would be necessary.

cessary. Previously to our adventurer's leaving town, he called on Mrs. Fisher, and was much rejoiced to find that she had procured a *majority* for Fascine; she had received the Gazette only on the evening before, which she presented to Brian, but would accept no other remuneration but some trifling present, as a token of their former intimacy. Brian accompanied her to her jeweller's, where, having presented her with a diamond ring, he took his leave, with a promise of renewing his visit on his return to town.

He now flew on the wings of love and friendship to Ewel, and put the Gazette into the hands of Fascine, pretending that his promotion had struck his eye through mere chance, and carefully avoiding the least hint of his having been

accessary

accessary to it, no less on motives of delicacy on his own side, than from a knowledge of Fascine's delicacy and high spirit on the other side. Fascine, however, was so overjoyed at his success, which flattered his hopes in another affair, that he never once bestowed a thought on the manner in which he had obtained it. The Knight congratulated the Major through mere form, as was the case with Lady Spanker and the Baronet, who now began to treat him with rather more outward respect, and to hate him more cordially than ever in secret. Lady Thrum, (who entertained more than respect for the Major's amiable and gentleman-like qualities, and who entertained some ideas of the understanding which existed between him and her daughter, and which she by no means disapproved) her daughter,

ter, Augustus, and Miss Hewson, were more fervent, and truly sincere in their congratulations. As Lady Spanker and the Baronet expected that their parade at Newmarket (whither Sir Jacob and his family had consented to accompany them) would make the strongest impression, they had agreed to postpone all farther proceedings in their marriage treaty till after that season, and their real jealousy was veiled by an affected politeness.

The Baronet was getting into high favour with the Knight; as the *second day of September* was past, the shooting season commenced, and the partridges levelled by the Baronet's death-dealing tube smoked daily on the table. His insolence on this success was so overbearing,

bearing, that nothing short of Miss Thrum's strict injunction could have restrained the Major from awing him into insignificance; and his self-command astonished Brian, who well knew his keen disposition to resent the most trifling appearance of affront, and his only fault —vice if the reader pleases—of a propensity to duelling. Presumptuous on fortuitous wealth, the Baronet would think to evince his superiority by daily and almost hourly offering bets on the most trifling occasions — the performances of himself, his horses, and his dogs —and his triumph was insupportable when he could find no one to cope with him.

"Since we are not permitted to take this fool by the nose," said the Major

one

one day to Brian, " why don't you take him down in his own way? If Verjuice were here he would soon do it."

The spark fell upon tinder. Brian made another trip to town, stated the circumstances, and requested his advice and presence, if it would not interfere with business of more consequence. With Verjuice the matter did not require long hesitation; he wanted only a clever, trusty, country-looking fellow, to carry a scheme which he had conceived into execution. Giles Thornback instantly came into Brian's head; and he set off in search of him. Honest Giles still retained his situation in the stables of the George and Blue Boar Inn, and was overjoyed at the proposal of being taken into the service of his young master, as he termed him;

him; he soon settled matters at the inn, and followed Brian to his lodgings.

"You understand horses, I am told," said Verjuice; "that is the setting them off: but we want you to disguise a good horse, so as to pass for a bad one."

"Leave I alone for that too, measter. Only let me have your horse, and I'll warrant, after he has been under my hands a few hours, you shan't know 'un again."

"That is exactly what we would have."

Verjuice then gave Giles his cue, a bank-note for fifty pounds, and directions to be at Ewel on a certain day. Having settled this point, Verjuice went among his old turf acquaintance, and readily procured a well-known mare, in high condition, being then in training for Newmarket. Having put the mare into

into Giles's hands, the friends set off for Ewel, and let the Major into the secret of their intended revenge.

On the evening which had been appointed for the meeting with Giles, Verjuice, Brian, and the Major, went into the village, and found him waiting for them.

"Well, here us be, measter, and now you'll presently zee whether you should know your own horse again."

On leading the animal out of the stable, they absolutely disclaimed any idea of having seen her before; her sleek coat had been rubbed against the grain, and powdered, whilst warm, with dust. Giles had moreover procured some clippings from a London dray-horse, which, by means of gum, he had fastened to her heels, so that her *tout ensemble* was rather that

that of a cart than of a blood-mare. When they had perfectly satisfied themselves of Giles's adroitness at transfiguration, or *transmogrification,* as he termed it, they returned to Ewel, where Brian introduced the subject of a hack, which he had some thoughts of purchasing; and, addressing the Baronet, said—"As there is not a better judge in the kingdom than yourself, Sir John, I should be proud of your opinion to-morrow morning, as fifty guineas is a long price, and I should be loth to be bit."

The Baronet was too conceited of the deference to his own superior judgment, and too ready to display his science in horse-flesh, not to give his acquiescence.

After breakfast they set out for the inn where Giles had put up, and Verjuice addressed him with—"Well, farmer,

mer, let's now see whether we can deal for this mare of your's or not."

"I'll bring her out to ye prezently, Zur; but you mustn't despise her, 'cause she be rugged like myself."

Giles brought out the mare into the yard, and whilst his tongue was lavish in her praise, it required his utmost skill to make her actions run counter to it. The Baronet was so offended at being called on to give his opinion of such an animal, that, casting a contemptuous glance at her, he declared his huntsman had slaughtered many better ones for his hounds.

"Bet a guinea, five guineas, o'that," says Giles; "mare nor I ben't such poor devils as us look."

The Baronet replied only by another contemptuous look at the presumptuous challenger.

"Look ye here," continues Giles; "han't a better beast to your name—no offence I hope, Zur. Shall run a mile or two miles against any thing you'll bring vor ten pounds, and here's my cash," pulling out bank-notes.

"Poh poh, fellow; put thy money in thy pocket, and thy mare into the plough."

"Wull ye take me up or no, Zur? I hopes I ben't rude, but I don't like to hear my mare run down."

"It would serve thee right for thy obstinacy."

"Well then do ye take me up, Zur, if you ben't afraid. Epsom race-course ben't var off; let's ha' one round."

Verjuice now thought it time to spur up the Baronet, and he said to him—"The fellow, Sir John, seems to be very confident

dent of his mare's performance, and he ought to know her; I do not pretend to set my judgment in competition with your's, but I really think that if the mare were trimmed up, you would discover some very good points about her."

"Psha, Sir! Since the fellow provokes me, you shall see whether I am to be deceived or not; I'll soon take the bumpkin's conceit out of him."

The Baronet then dismissed a messenger, with orders to his groom to saddle *Bajazet*, and bring him to the inn. Giles, in the meantime, threw his sack over his mare, clapped on a large old hunting saddle, with rusty stirrups over it, and declared himself ready for a start.

"Where did you pick up with that *bit of blood?*" demanded the Baronet, in a quizzing way.

"Why, Zur, I'se be put a poor country lad, and veather has a matter o' nine o' us; zo he gi'd I the mare and fifty pounds to get rid o' I, and sent I into the world to seek my vortune."

"And a pretty fortune you are likely to make of it, if you lay your money on your mare's performances."

"Well, Zur, when all be gone, I can but zeek a zarvice at last."

The groom now arrived with Bajazet, and the party went off for the race-ground. The Baronet told Giles that he would not bet any thing, as it would be only robbing a poor fellow; but that he would just show him what one of his common hacks would do. The Baronet then mounted—the horses started, and Giles rode *all abroad*, in the clod-hopping style; but those who were in the secret

secret could plainly perceive that he was obliged to exert all his skill, and even strength, to keep the mare from showing herself. The Baronet, however, notwithstanding Giles's manœuvring, found it necessary to put Bajazet to his mettle, and it was not without the greatest difficulty that Giles could manage, so as to keep the mare about three lengths behind at the end of the race.

"By J—s, farmer," cried the Baronet, on pulling up, "the mare, as you say, is better than she looks; I could not have thought she had so much spunk in her."

"Ah, measter, never take man, woman, nor beast, by their looks. The mare has had but very zo zo keep, and I ha' rode her a longish bit of way; but, with three days rest, I'll ride her o'er the same ground, against the same horse, or any

other you ha' got, vor fifty pounds. Dang it, let's lose the horse or win the saddle."

The Baronet again declined the bet, alledging that it would be no better than picking his pocket; but Verjuice urged him on, by saying—"Come, come, Sir John, I was once a turf amateur, and I still like to see a bit of good sport; I'll make up the hundred."

The Baronet now began to consider, that, as the race-ground was so very little distant from the Knight's dwelling, the ladies would be happy to enjoy such a sight, and he should have a fine opportunity of displaying himself, and laughing at his competitor, as he had no doubt of doing; he therefore determined on accepting the challenge, but, to get a higher bet, he alledged that it would not be worth while to send for one of his stud to decide

cide so trifling a wager, and Bajazet he could perceive was quite out of order, from being too severely hunted the whole of the last season.

"Well then, rather than lose the sport," said Brian, "I will venture another fifty, from the specimen which I have seen of the mare's performance."

"And I another fifty," said the Major.

"Done, done!" cries the Baronet. "Come, hang it, as we seem to be entering into the spirit of it, here's done for five hundred pounds, and make it up amongst ye."

"We'll take you up," said Verjuice.

"But now, gentlemen," quoth Giles, "to prevent mistakes, mayhap ye mayn't know the *auld* mare again, when I have trimmed and *titivated* her up a crum; but the landlord and ostler here will know

the mare, and I suppose you'll take their words vor it."

"Aye, aye," replied the Baronet, "we sha'n't dispute your own word: Put the best face you can on the *auld mare*, or she wont be able to look at my horse's heels."

"I wull, Zur; and if you shou'dn't know us again at virst, I'se be bound in the end ye don't vorget I and the *auld* mare in a hurry."

The Baronet's groom was dispatched for his horse *Pantaloon*, and to the very great happiness of the other residents at the Knight's mansion, they were relieved from his boisterous nonsense, by his spending almost the whole of the interval in the stables. At length the important day of trial arrived; Sir Jacob, Lady Thrum, and the two young ladies, set

set out in the coach—Lady Spanker, the Baronet, and Scentwell, on horseback—; and, as the distance was so trifling, Verjuice, Brian, and the Major, walked by the side of Giles, as he led the *auld* mare, which, however, by this time cut so very different a figure, and exhibited such symptoms of its real self, as raised the Baronet's suspicions of a trick, and depressed his former certainty of success.

When they reached the ground, the Baronet stripped, and displayed a complete jockey-dress—crimson jacket and cap. Giles exhibited, to the eye of *connoisseurship*, an awkward mixture of the jockey and rustic style, not much unlike the unique modern additions of the House of Lords, stuck up against the venerable pile of St. Stephen's Chapel. He was equipped with laced half-boots,

spurs, blue worsted stockings, clean leathers, and on stripping off his coat and waistcoat, discovered a flannel under-jacket with sleeves; to complete the whole, instead of a jockey-cap, he surmounted his *capital* with a red woollen night-cap. He mounted, however, in good style, and rode *snug* and *close*, quite differently from what he had done on the former trial. At starting the Baronet took the whip-hand; Giles stuck close to his heels, watching for his opportunity, and never attempted to shew himself till within the distance length, when letting out the mare, she made two or three springs, and got up neck and neck. They continued so till within about fifty yards, when Giles pushed on, secured the lead, and came in first by a couple of lengths.

Disappointment

Disappointment and vexation evidently tinged the Baronet's face, when, on pulling up, Giles asked—"Well, Zur, what d'ye think of I and the *auld* mare now?"

"Both bites, by G—d!" replied the Baronet.

"Don't ye think, Zur, that she be too good a bit for the hounds yet awhile?"

"I'll buy her of you. What will ye take for her?"

"Nay, Zur, thof I be but a poor raw country lad, my word be as good as my bond; I have given the other gentleman a price, and I won't run from my word."

"I take your mare, farmer," said Verjuice.

"Very well, Zur—she's your's—and now you can't zay as how you have bought a pig in a poke; but I be main loth to part wi' the *auld* mare. Ye may as

well take I too, to take care of her, and I'se be bound I'se do her justice; that's more than most of your jockies will."

"Well, well," said Verjuice, "take her back to the stable; we will follow, and talk over the matter there."

The Baronet gave *Pantaloon* to his groom, remounted his hackney, and having lost all cause of exultation, he left Sir Jacob and the ladies to return by themselves, and accompanied Verjuice and his party to the inn at Ewel. On the Baronet's proposition dinner was bespoke there, and he was anxious to retrieve his loss, which he attributed to chance, and vainly confided in his skill at play. After dinner he repeatedly offered bets to the company, and at length challenged any one of them to toss up, throw a main, or play a game at cards, for any sum they durst

durst venture. Verjuice gave a wink to Brian, who, after several denials, accepted a challenge to play for a guinea, at the well-known game of *Put*, which in the course of very few hours beggars and enriches thousands. Brian, in addition to the certainty of playing off the Baronet's own money against himself, was much too cool and too scientific for his antagonist. The Baronet increased his bets in proportion to his run of ill-luck, and at ten o'clock at night he had added five hundred pounds to his morning's loss. Brian then proposed and really desired to put an end to the contest, but the Baronet insisted on having his revenge: supper was accordingly ordered, and, after having partaken of it, the Major and Verjuice returned to Sir Jacob's, leaving the antagonists to themselves. At day-

break

break (for they never went to rest) the Baronet found himself three thousand pounds *minus*, and Brian entreated him to desist, offering to accept a third of the sum in discharge of the whole. The Baronet haughtily refused this accommodation, and Brian as haughtily insisted upon a settlement before he would proceed any farther; the Baronet then cooled a little, and stipulated for only one other fair chance to retrieve his losses; Brian readily acquiesced, and gave him the advantage of naming the stake.

"Double or quits!" exclaimed the Baronet.

Brian won, and as they returned to the Knight's mansion, the Baronet requested that his loss might be kept a secret from his mother, which Brian promised.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

A Trip to Newmarket—How to take in your Friends, a true Extract from the Secrets of the Turf—A Street Robbery, and the Tradesman's Vade Mecum, or how to make a genteel Smash.

BRIAN communicated his success to Verjuice and the Major, adding, that he intended only to chastise the insolence of the Baronet, and to accept a trifling part of his debt in discharge of the whole sum.

"Not with my approbation, I can assure you," said Verjuice. "You are a young man, emerging into life, without any

any expectation, and when independence is within your reach, you sacrifice it to foolish notions. You will ruin no family —you will only teach wisdom to the foolish. The sum which you have won of the Baronet is not equal to one year's income; he cannot miss it, and it will make you easy and respectable through life. Hold it fast. I dare answer for it that the Major will be of my opinion."

"Why really," said the Major, "I can see no reason for any delicacy in the present instance. You have won the money fairly, and if the Baronet had turned the tables upon you, his disposition is such, you must be aware that he would have triumphed over your ruin. The loss is trivial to him—the gain is of the utmost importance to you—and the money had better contribute to the happiness

piness of a man of merit, than be confined to the hands of a fool, or dispersed among a pack of knaves."

"Undoubtedly," said Verjuice; "and, besides, this sum, with what you are already in possession of, will just be sufficient to commence operations in a scheme which I have planned for you. If any further stimulus be wanting, recollect that it will enable you, without the imputation of vanity, or mercenary views, to aspire to the hand which alone will be wanting to complete your happiness."

This last argument decided the question. Brian, by the advice of his friends, required a security from the Baronet, when the business might be at rest, upon payment of the legal interest, till it should suit him to discharge the principal;

to

to this proposal the Baronet readily agreed.

Matters being thus settled, Brian, by the advice of Verjuice, purchased the *auld* mare, which had been so instrumental to his success, and which Verjuice had taken on condition of paying a stipulated price, or of returning without injury, with a compensation for the loan of her. He likewise bought another horse of the Baronet, and Giles was put into a handsome livery.

The Baronet lost somewhat of his former arrogance; his ardour for betting was abated, and he even studied to ingratiate himself with our adventurer, whose skill at play was with him the highest proof of his merit. He pressed Brian to accompany him to Newmarket,

and

and to run his mare, offering to back her himself for a thousand, or to go halves in any bets he might make. These solicitations were very pleasing to Brian, because, although he had fixed upon attending the races, he wished to conceal from Miss Hewson that he was deeply involved in such hazardous pursuits; she, however, was aware that he could have no other means of subsistence, but love blinds its votaries to all failings and imperfections.

In this season of prosperity and youthful expectation, Brian cast his thoughts on the confined circumstances of his family; and, as it was now in his power, he resolved to make his aged parent some amends for the anxiety which his former imprudence had occasioned. He immediately dispatched a letter to his father, inclosing

inclosing a bank post-bill for five hundred pounds, and requesting him to look out for some more advantageous living, for which he would immediately remit the stipulated price.

As the month of October was now near at hand, every one was engaged in preparations for the trip to Newmarket. Giles was sent forwards with the mare, in company with the Baronet's grooms and horses, and Verjuice followed him, to pick up what information he could get. Emboldened by independence, Brian watched for an opportunity of meeting Miss Hewson alone. He lamented most pathetically his still lying under her father's displeasure; declared that the world was but a barren waste, and every prospect gloomy, without being permitted to entertain the hope of calling her his

own.

own. He added, that he should never have dared to open his lips to her again on such a subject, if fortune had been unkind to him; but that, as he had now secured an independence, he hoped she would not be offended at his presuming to offer to lay both that and himself at her feet.

A slight crimson tinged the face of Miss Hewson at this direct declaration; but, as she was candour itself, she hesitated not a moment for a reply.

"It would be needless, in my opinion contemptible, Mr. Bonnycastle, to affect a concealment of what you were well assured of. I congratulate you most sincerely on the favours of Fortune, who, I candidly confess it to be my sentiment, seldom bestows them on a more deserving

ing object. I do not blush to confess that I have ever lamented, and still do lament, the unhappy cause of my father's coolness; and, as I believe you have seen your errors, and wish to retrieve them, I could wish that they were buried in oblivion. Having gone so far, I have only to add, that I trust you know me well enough to be assured that I shall never bestow my hand without the consent of a most beloved and indulgent parent."

"Ah! Miss Hewson, would you but intercede for me with that indulgent parent, still there might be hopes."

"I shall do you no disservice, you may rely upon it, Sir; time, patience, and *prudence*, may effect your wishes."

"Amiable, adorable candour!" exclaimed Brian, venturing to take her hand

hand and imprint a kiss on it. "Blessed with those hopes, it shall be the business of my life to realize them."

Miss Hewson wrote to her father, to obtain his permission to accompany Sir Jacob and his family to Newmarket, and he granted it, on condition that he might enjoy their company in town for two or three days previously to their excursion. When the period arrived the company separated; Sir Jacob and his family and Miss Hewson proceeding to Mr. Hewson's, Lady Spanker and the Baronet direct to Newmarket, and Brian and the Major took the same direction in a post-chaise.

Whilst Verjuice was renewing his old turf acquaintance, Brian and the Major, who had never before visited this seat of dissipation, amused themselves with lounging

lounging about, and making remarks on the objects whom, like themselves, idleness, curiosity, profusion, or avarice, had drawn together in such a throng. The different views of the grooms exercising the horses round the various courses—the groupes of blacklegs and greenhorns—and the bustle and importance of some, contrasted with the vacancy and listlessness of others, afforded them at once subjects for criticism and amusement.

On the day before the commencement of the races, Sir Jacob and his party arrived. The Baronet had found a match for Brian's mare, provided it met with his assent, for two hundred guineas, and they agreed to halve the stake. The weather proved very fine; the company was numerous, comprising many persons of

of the higher classes, and the sport was excellent. It was now that our adventurer was to discover some of the innumerable snares which the blacklegs lay to catch the unwary.

After the first day's sport was ended, the Baronet came to him almost breathless, and exclaimed, "'Tis done!—all agreed upon!—a hollow thing! Take all the bets you can get, you and your friends!—lay odds!—a dead certainty!"

Brian desired an explanation.

"Why I have matched your mare against a famous horse belonging to Sir Charles Rushlight; we have just held a private meeting, and have agreed that his horse shall be beaten: the stake is merely nominal—a *draw* for the *flats*. Shadow, and some other friends of Sir Charles, are this instant gone to take all

bets against him; we must do the same. There is not the least risk, you see; Sir Charles and I are upon *honour*. His groom has received his instructions; your's will only have to push on as hard as he can, to save appearances, and *cloak* the *bite*. Lose no time; I am going to work this instant, and Scentwell is already on the scent."

Brian strongly suspected that Sir Charles was playing a deep game, and intended to *sell* his brother Baronet in the end; he hastened to consult his oracle, Verjuice, who was equally dubious of Sir Charles's honour. They went off in quest of Sir Charles, who confirmed Sir John's account, and offered to exchange mutual bonds, in a heavy penalty, for the performance of their secret agreement; Verjuice took him at his word, and the parties

ties separated to hunt out their prey. Verjuice pointed out the proper objects to Brian, who accepted bets to the amount of two thousand pounds, and then stopped. In the evening Verjuice and Brian made the circuit of all the inns, and private houses of the nobility and gentry, which were open for the purposes of gaming; here Brian was astonished to see to what an extent the most vicious of pursuits could sanction an association betwixt the highest and the lowest classes; but he imagined that he had entered the infernal regions, and heard the howls of the damned, when he entered a cock-pit.

"Ten pounds on the *pile!*—Done! Guineas to pounds on the *ginger!*—*black reds!*—*bruisers!*—*grey!*" and similar

exclamations, incessantly kept up, with the crowings of the cocks in the pen, and the shouts of one party, and groans of the other, of the human animal, as either of the feathered animals gained or lost the ascendancy, raised such a horrid din, as Brian imagined could be paralleled only in the infernal regions. Disgusted with this vilest of all sports, they made a speedy retreat.

It was now night, and as they retreated towards their inn, a man, muffled up in a great-coat, advanced, holding a pistol in either hand, and demanding their money.

"Turn away the muzzles of your pistols, my friend," said Verjuice, coolly, "and we will readily contribute to relieve your necessities; we ought to do

so,

so, in fact, as Fortune has favoured us to-day, and perhaps she has frowned on you."

"She has indeed!" replied the poor wretch. "You are considerate gentlemen, and d—n me if I would not rather blow my own brains out, than do you a wilful mischief."

Verjuice and Brian gave him a handful of gold and silver, and wished him better luck on the morrow.

"If I should fail of it," said the robber, "these pistols shall make my *quietus*. Success attend ye, gentlemen."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Brian, "to what dreadful shifts do the avarice of one part of the world and the folly of the other reduce humanity! That poor wretch has, perhaps, brought ruin on his family, and before this time to-morrow,

will, perhaps, have closed his vicious career by suicide."

As the match was to be decided on the next day, they went to give Giles his final instructions, which were to catch every advantage, and trust nothing to chance. As the inn was overflowing, Giles had put up at a little alehouse in the outskirts of the town, nearest to the race-ground. They had not been many minutes in conversation, before they heard two persons enter into an adjoining room, and the partition was so thin, that they distinctly heard the following dialogue:—

"Well, what luck to-day?" asks one.

"D——d bad!" replies the other, whose voice was instantly recognized by Verjuice and Brian to be that of the person who had just before robbed them. "Half of my whole stock I lost on the race-

race-ground, and the other half at an EO table, kept by a b—— of quality. How have you fared?"

"Faith, very little better; I have only one more throw left."

"And I should have been without even that solitary resource, but for my little friends, the *pops* here; and if Fortune don't favour one or other of us to-morrow, they shall rid the world of one, and me of my cares."

"Why you won't be such a flat—such a chicken-hearted driveller surely? Have not I as well as yourself pawned great part of my stock, and signed a bond and judgment on all the rest, to *raise the wind*, and make a push here? If they run a *nick* upon us, will not my situation be as desperate as your's? But I am not such a fool as to despair. Whilst there is life there

are hopes. If we can't do the thing genteelly here, I intend to push off for town, get *white-washed* by a *whereas*, and begin again. You have the same resource, so hang snivelling, and let's drown care, and drink better luck to-morrow, over a bowl of punch."

Verjuice and Brian now withdrew, after having enjoined Giles not to take the least notice of the conversation which they had overheard.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The Dutch Sharpers, or the Biters bit—The Art of Manœuvring, illustrated by Examples on the Cards and Dice, for the Benefit of the Ignorant.

BRIAN, after a night of restless anxiety, rose with the sun, rouzed Verjuice, and hurried him away to see that all was right with Giles and the mare; they accompanied him to the race-ground. The word was at length given to mount, and Giles appeared equipped in the true jockey style. On the signal for starting, Giles set off at score—pushed for the

whip-hand—took the lead—and never once lost it. Sir Charles's groom managed matters to a nicety, and came in only half a length behind. All the spectators acknowledged it to be as fine a race as ever was seen. Verjuice, Brian, and Sir John, congratulated each other, and Sir Charles affected to look rather blank, for *decency's* sake; but he, as well as the other Baronet, had eased the *knowing-ones* and the *flats*, both of whom were alike dupes on this occasion, of some thousands. Brian was very happy to have contributed in some measure towards Sir John's success, as he could now feel very little remorse for his having plucked a few of his loose feathers.

Brian now found himself possessed of twelve thousand pounds, exclusive of his debt to Verjuice, which he discharged; and

and after having cleared his Yorkshire estate, he invested the remainder, by Verjuice's advice, in the funds.

On the evening previous to the departure of the Knight's family and Miss Hewson from Newmarket, Brian sought and was again indulged with an opportunity of breathing out his soft vows into the ears of the latter, who listened to them with more than complacency; and even declared, that if fate should prevent their union, she would never bestow her hand on any other of his sex: she moreover deigned to accept a valuable ring, of which he solicited her acceptance.

After the ladies had retired for the night, which was rather early, on account of their journey, Sir Charles Rushlight and Shadow fell in, and boasted highly of the morning's success. He wished to

be remarkably sociable, because he respected the skill of our adventurer and Verjuice; and he had changed his intention of cutting Fascine's acquaintance, from the instant he saw his promotion in the Gazette, which was quite unexpected, as he knew that he had very little to trust to but his merit. His motives were, however, easily penetrated, and he was encountered with distant politeness.

"I wonder," said he to Brian, "that you have never once mentioned your acquaintance, Lady M'Lackland. You have seen her, I suppose?"

"I just had a glimpse of her on the race-ground, but I was too much engaged to speak to her, and I don't know where she is to be found."

"Oh, she has set up a faro bank and EO tables here, in conjunction with the

Earl

Earl of E——. Suppose we just take a look in and see what they are doing; I should like to make a run upon the bank."

Our adventurer was satisfied with what he had already done, and he had formed a resolution of trusting very little to Fortune in future: but as Verjuice seemed inclined to reconnoitre, he accepted the invitation. The rooms were pretty well crowded, and as Mr. Lurcher kept the bank, little doubt could be entertained that some deep game was playing. Her Ladyship affected to chide Brian for absenting himself so long from her parties, and hinted that her Grace of ——— had been the cause of it, which he absolutely denied.

"Are the people in *spirits* to-night?" asked Brian.

"Not very high," replied her Ladyship,

ship, with a smile. "Money is very scarce; all are become *rooks* now—very few *feathers* flying. I hope I may congratulate you on your success?"

"Trifles, trifles, my Lady!—the same complaints of the times in all quarters."

"Did you ever hear any thing like it? I declare I almost come to a resolution at times to renounce *pam* for a *psalm-book*."

"Your Ladyship is too young for that yet, by a round dozen."

"Don't be making love to me, you creature you, or I shall make her Grace jealous. Come, do now go and put the folks in life; if they were once set a going, something might be extracted from them. Excuse me for the present—I must attend to the company—but we shall have a select party at supper to-night,

night, and we shall expect you and your friend Verjuice to be of the party."

As Brian was sauntering about, he was saluted by Miss Rappee, who had decked herself out in all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. She expressed herself quite weary of the universal round of company, and of the late hours which she had been obliged to keep of late, and invited him to partake of the refreshment of tea with her. He, however, adroitly avoided a *tête-à-tête*, which would not have proved agreeable to either party, by pleading that he was obliged to attend to her Ladyship's commands till supper-time; and Miss Rappee turned off with evident marks of disappointment, and of contempt for the dullness of his apprehension. He, however, was but too well aware of her intention; but his heart was too full of

Charlotte,

Charlotte, to permit him to think of gallantry with a much more blooming object.

Two young West Indians, as their countenances bespoke, which were somewhat about a *festoon* dip, now entered the room; and as the idea of rum, sugar, indigo, cotton, begets that of wealth, the new comers instantly attracted the side-glances of the knowing ones. After sauntering round all the tables, they fixed themselves at the one where they were playing at hazard; Verjuice and Brian had their eyes upon them. They presently won some hundreds, which caused the confederates to assemble their phalanx, and muster their whole strength against them. Every manœuvre was played off, and yet the strangers maintained their superiority. The other ta-

bles

bles were insensibly deserted, and all the company assembled round to witness the event of this contest. It continued till nearly two of the clock in the morning, when the confederates tacitly acknowledged they were beaten, by shutting up for the night; the strangers observing, that, if that was the case, they were very well satisfied to give them their revenge another time, and pocketing their winnings, to the amount of about two thousand pounds, coolly walked off.

At the supper-table this unexpected run of ill luck was the whole theme of discourse; not a soul recollected to have ever seen the faces of the West Indians before; and yet Brian was well assured that he had seen one of them before, but when or where he could not bring to remembrance. Many conjectures flew about,

about, and none more probable than that, as they spoke the French language fluently to each other, they were sharping adventurers from some of the islands belonging to that nation. As Brian's mind was now at ease, he derived much pleasure from the mortification of the confederates, who were quite chop-fallen at this tumble. After supper, Verjuice and Brian returned to their inn, and on the next morning set off, with the Major, in a post-chaise for town.

They slept that night at St. Albans, and the next morning, as they were traversing Finchley Common, they observed a crowd of people assembled before the door of the Green Man public-house. On inquiring into the occasion of it, they were informed that two highwaymen had stopped some gentlemen returning

turning from Newmarket, on the preceding night, and that one of the robbers had been shot, and then lay dead in the stable, till a coroner's inquest should have been held on the body. It instantly struck Verjuice and Brian that the poor wretch might have been the person who stopped them in the street at Newmarket, and curiosity prompted the latter to jump out of the chaise, to see if he could recognize him by his dress. On examining his features, he was struck with horror at beholding those of *Burnish*; and upon his acquainting Verjuice with his idea, the latter accompanied and concurred with him in his opinion. They were now at no loss to guess that the accomplice, who had escaped, was his intimate acquaintance *Glare*. The impression which this catastrophe made on

the

the mind of Brian was indelible, and he shuddered at the consequences of a life of dissipation, from which he himself, perhaps, had but narrowly escaped.

"So views some shipwreck'd sailor from the strand,
Th' abyss which all his comrades had engulph'd."

After their return to town, and some days of repose, Verjuice opened to Brian the plan which he had devised for his future pursuit.

"You have now accumulated," says he, "twelve thousand pounds; a sum sufficient for every comfort and conveniency of life; but you are naturally to look forwards to a family. Some reputable employment will not only add to your comfort, but establish your credit, and will be the readiest means to restore you to the favour of Mr. Hewson. I have

have been thinking of your entering into the banking-line; I am aware of the difficulties, but I have prepared myself to obviate them all. You have a small capital, and some connexion with young men of fortune and expectation, whose future favours you may ensure, by having it in your power to advance them money on proper securities. An addition may be made to your capital, by joining others with you in the same undertaking. There is your young friend Adolphus, for instance; he has been bred up to business—his father is possessed of a large fortune, and of good connexions, and might be ready to establish him in such a line. One other person would be sufficient, and him I will undertake to look out for you."

Brian was at first astonished at the idea

of his becoming a banker; but when Verjuice had mentioned the auxiliaries, and offered reasons so flattering to his pride and love, he hailed the scheme as the harbinger of his future prosperity; it was therefore concluded that he should take the first opportunity of sounding the inclination of Adolphus, and be endeavouring to make some few more lucky hits, whilst Verjuice was looking round for a third person in the intended firm.

One evening, Brian went to pay a visit to Mrs. Adamson, at her new house in ——— street; she was enraptured to see him, and entreated the favour of his taking tea with her. On entering into the parlour, he was surprised to behold sitting at the tea-table, one of those very West Indians whom he had seen at Newmarket, and whom Mrs. Adamson introduced to

him

him as one of her lodgers; it was the very one too whose face he thought he remembered. The stranger having now nothing to divert his attention, looked at our adventurer, as if he had seen him before, and with Brian the point seemed now almost reduced to a certainty; all attempts, however, at recollection proved vain. At last, to put the matter out of doubt, Brian asked the gentleman if he had not had the pleasure of seeing him some where before?

"I believe not, Sir," answered he, rather confused, "as I have not the honour of having made any acquaintance in this country."

"You have been here then but a short time, Sir; however, I am assured that I saw you one evening at Newmarket."

"Oh

"Oh yes, probably, Sir; I was there in the race-time; but one sees so many persons in such places, that, without a previous acquaintance, it is ten to one, you know, Sir, against one's recollecting a particular face."

"Certainly, Sir; but it struck me then that I had seen you somewhere before."

"I was in England only once before, Sir, and then I made but a very short stay."

"What parts of England might you have been in, Sir?"

"In London, and a very short time in Bath."

Brian now began to think, and a ray of light broke over his mind.

"You resemble very strongly, Sir, a Count Van Hoorn, whom I remember to have

have seen there; but then he was an European, and you, I presume, are a West Indian."

"Yes, Sir, I am from the West Indies," replied the gentleman, rather more confused. "Many people, you know, Sir, resemble one another, but my name is St. Pierre."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," rejoined Brian, "for my freedom; I own I was very much struck at Newmarket, and still am with the resemblance."

Monsieur St. Pierre now endeavoured to give a turn to the conversation, and good manners would not permit Brian to press the subject any farther; he, however, could not avoid casting many a side glance at Monsieur St. Pierre, every one of which more and more assured

him of his identity with the Count Van Hoorn.

About an hour after tea, Brian rose to go away, pleading, as an apology for his leaving the company so soon, that he had previously intended to treat himself with the performance of one of the theatres on that evening.

"I have never seen the inside of an English theatre," said Mons. St. Pierre; "and, if you are not better engaged, Sir, I shall be proud of the honour of being permitted to accompany you."

"By all means, Sir. Were it not that, as a foreigner, you have a right to the attention of a native, I should feel myself very happy to contribute to the amusement of an acquaintance of my worthy friend Mrs. Adamson."

The

The lady replied by a curtesy and a grateful smile, and the gentleman by a low bow.

As they were on their way to Covent-garden—"Well, Sir," said Monsieur St. Pierre, "do you still hold your opinion that you have seen me at Newmarket races?"

"I should not be able to persuade myself to the contrary, Sir, if you did not assure me so."

"But do you take me to be that Count Van Hoorn?"

"I should, were it not for the difference of your complexions, and for your telling me that your name is St. Pierre."

"Well then, Sir, an open confession may be for our mutual advantage. My name is both Van Hoorn and Pierre; but neither the *Count* nor the *Saint* belong

to it. You know how I was drawn hither by Mr. Shadow, and how, after having received his share of my winnings, he confederated against me, and tricked me out of mine. I pretended to bid adieu to England, but I only left it for a while, with a view to enter into a new alliance, and to return to take the field in England, particularly against the forces of Mr. Shadow. As I was then Count Van Hoorn, I am now Saint Pierre, disguised, I hope, from all the world, except yourself and my auxiliary; but my real name is Pierre Van Hoorn, at your service. As you seemed to have some suspicion of me, I have thought it safer to trust you, particularly as your keeping my secret may turn to our mutual advantage, if you please."

"You have been certainly very ill used by

by Shadow," replied Brian, "and cannot be blamed for seeking to retaliate upon him. You may depend on my keeping your secret; nay, I should even rejoice in your success, as Shadow, to my knowledge, is in the habits of the strictest intimacy with men, against whom, as was your case, he is daily entering into combinations. Such a man deserves no mercy, nor pity."

"Aye, you yourself," said St. Pierre, (we shall continue to keep up the *Saint*) "were pointed out to me as one of the victims whom Shadow was to draw in, and at whose sacrifice I was to officiate as high priest."

"Shadow's character," said Brian, "leaves me not the slightest doubt of it; but you must be aware that our being seen together will excite a suspicion that

may tend to frustrate your scheme, and a theatre is one of the most public places——"

"I was aware of that, and I only feigned a wish to accompany you thither, that I might have an opportunity of sounding you. And now, Sir, I will take my leave of you, as you know where to find me; or, if your mind be not bent on the theatre, I will introduce you, if it be agreeable, to my friend *Monsieur Pipeur*, who lodges at Sablonniere's hotel, in Leicester-square, and who will soon convince you that if I am more than a match for the best of your English players at billiards, he is no less their superior at cards and dice."

Brian readily accepted the offer, and was introduced by Monsieur St. Pierre, as his most *particular* acquaintance, to Monsieur Pipeur. After mutual civilities,

St.

St. Pierre proposed to withdraw, and Pipeur conducted them to his private apartment. St. Pierre, in as few words as possible, acquainted his friend with the situation of affairs, and with his reasons for reposing so great a confidence in the gentleman whom he had the honour of introducing to his friend.

Pipeur shook Brian by the hand, exclaiming—"*Eh bien donc*, we are de *equilateral triangle!* Each angle must be *(qu'est ce que vouz apellez?)*—*tranchant.*"

"Keen, cutting," replied St. Pierre, translating as he went on.

"*Eh bien*—and each side must be like *une lime.*"

"A file."

"So dat it may *emporter la piéce.*"

"Draw blood."

"*A poil et a contrepoil.*"

"At every stroke."

It should be observed, that St. Pierre, from his having been from a boy bred up in an English hotel at Hamburgh, and his residence in England, spoke the English language very fluently; and that although Brian understood the French language equally well, (it being an indispensible requisite in a mercantile counting-house, although not reckoned so at our universities) yet he chose to conceal his knowledge of it, under an idea, that if his two new acquaintances should form a scheme against him, they would not hesitate to converse about it, even in his presence, relying on his not understanding a syllable of what they said.

"When do you intend to take the field against Shadow?" said Brian to St. Pierre.

"Oh, Sir, we are quite ready now;

Newmarket

Newmarket furnished us with the sinew of war. We did not come over to England overburthened with cash; Buonaparte is our continental banker; and were it not for the guineas and dollars which your country has so *wisely* sent over to us, as subsidies, we should have almost forgotten the precious metals. So, Sir, to enable us to make a beginning, I visit two or three watering and other places of fashionable resort, and there I win some few pounds. Finding that no one recollected me, although I had even played against several who had cried me down on my first visit, I at last ventured to Bath, where I also did pretty well—not much—as I was unwilling to show play until I could venture a grand stake; I was, moreover, afraid of exciting suspicion, and consequently inquiry, which might

might have led to a discovery. We had not mastered above three hundred pounds between us, when we luckily determined on a trip to Newmarket, where we made such a stroke, as will now enable Monsieur Pipeur to open the campaign with *eclat*, and I have no doubt with success; but, *apropos*, I have promised this gentleman, Pipeur, that you shall give him some proofs of your dexterity.

"*Oh! que je sais mettre j'enleud, avec plaisir.* You sal know, Saar, dat I vas complete professor of de art of legerdemain, before me venture to tak up de profession of gentilhomme. I do vat I please vid de dice and de cards; for, on de continent, we begin by *etudier* de profession—you Englise gentlemens, I understand, begin by following de profession, and do not get de *sharp*, till after

dat

dat you have been de *flat*. Now, Saar, I could shuffle and cut de cards so as to make dem come as I please; I could at any time hav one card too much, and put away anoder; and once, ven I vas so *situé*, and had many eye upon me, I swallowed a card *de plus*, vid some sweetmeat, which I call for. Our French card be de ting, not so large and more souple dan your Englise ones; dey be too clumsy for de *savant*. But, Saar, you sal say, perhaps, dis be all *fanfarronade*; but me show—*tenez*."

Monsieur Pipeur now went to his trunk, pulled off his slippers, and put on a pair of shoes; then came back to the table, on which he displayed a pack of cards, a box and dice.

"Now, Saar, me be ready for play."

He then exhibited such command over

the cards, as far exceeded every thing that our adventurer had any idea of, although he had witnessed the performances of Jonas, Breslaw, and other celebrated professors, as well as those of his instructor Verjuice. Among other contrivances, he had a large snuff-box, filled with several of the leading cards of whatever game he engaged in; and, under pretence of taking a pinch of snuff, he would help himself to such of those leading cards as best suited his purpose, and conveyed away his most useless ones, in such a manner that Brian could not have detected the substitution. Every part of his dress, even to his pocket-handkerchief, was made subservient to his interest, by concealing cards, which he used at his pleasure. On the dice, his performances were still more surprising; he threw

threw against Brian, and beat him at every throw; they commenced the game with one triplet of dice, and he introduced three triplets when they had done.

"Now, Saar," said he, "you sal suppose dat I have de false dice about me—you sal challenge me wid it—I sal affect dat surprise which is natural to a man of honour, on such an accusation; *par example,*" drawing back his chair, fixing his eyes full in Brian's face, putting his right leg over his left knee, and resting his right hand on the cap of his right knee, and his left on the ancle of the same leg, "I sal say to you, Saar, if your accusation be true, I deserve to be kicked out of gentlemen's company; if it be false, you sal mak me proper apology, or sal deserve de like treatment—Agreed—I submit to be searched by de company—noting

noting found. Now get up, Saar, and search me yourself."

Brian made the strictest scrutiny of every part of his clothes, but could find nothing, although he had seen three triplets of dice in his hand but a minute before.

"Are you satisfied dere is noting?"

"Perfectly."

"*Eh bien*, Saar, now you see dat I am not like dose clumsy professors, who, on such occasions, are reduced to de necessity of slipping de extra dice to some confederate, who slips them to anoder, or else slips himself out of de room. Now Monsieur St. Pierre is at a distance, and I have de dice about me:—see."

He then pulled off his shoe, the heel of which was composed of copper, covered with leather, hollowed so as to receive

receive the false dice, and the apertune was closed up so artificially with a slide, that Brian could not open it, after he had been let into the secret.

Brian now needed no more to convince him that Monsieur Pipeur was infinitely superior to every English *conveyancer*. He partook of a *petit souper*, and drank success to the allies in French wines. An evening was appointed for Pipeur's *debut*, and, by the advice of Brian, St. Pierre was to keep out of the way, as Shadow might as easily penetrate through his disguise as he had done. Brian promised to drop in, as if by chance, and took leave of the allies, after a renewal of his promise of secrecy.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Dutch Gamester's Revenge—The Suicide, and a Poem on the occasion.

BRIAN did not fail to acquaint Verjuice with this unexpected rencontre, and the latter advised him by all means to make the most of this chance, which blind Fortune seemed to have thrown in his way, as it were, to enable him to throw off all dependence upon her in future; but, at the same time, he recommended caution, and a proper distrust of foreign auxiliaries.

On

On the evening previous to that fixed on for Pipeur's scientific display, Brian called upon St. Pierre, and they went together to concert with Pipeur on some certain signals when Brian was to bet or to refrain. Pipeur drew up a scheme, by which, from certain manœuvres with the box in his right or left hand, with his fingers in such or such positions, they might converse together on opposite sides of the table.

Their plan being thus arranged, both parties kept their appointment on the ensuing evening. Pipeur, for some time, took the chance of the dice, as had been concerted, and luck was against him; at length the box again came into his hands, and, having given a signal to Brian, he asked, "Who will set me?—a hundred—two hundred—five hundred?"

He

He was set to the amount of three hundred pounds, and won. He threw in three hands, and then made the signal to refrain. He had substituted false dice, but he now replaced them with the fair ones, and resolved to take his chance. He threw in twice more before he gave up the box. After some few trifling bets, he gave up his seat, not wishing to make any great *eclat* at the outset, intending to reserve himself for Sir Charles Rushlight and Shadow, who were not present that night.

Brian, as had been agreed on, followed him to his hotel, whither St. Pierre had also come, to learn their success. They had cleared about seven hundred pounds, which was equally divided among the triumvirate, it having been settled that they were to bear all losses equally between them.

them, in like manner, whenever Pipeur or St. Pierre was at play.

From this instant Pipeur and St. Pierre were never seen together in public, on the suggestion of Brian, that if St. Pierre should have the misfortune to be recognized, Pipeur might nevertheless continue to play his game unsuspected. Brian constantly attended at the gaming-houses, or billiard-tables, as either of them happened to be engaged, and their winnings daily accumulated. Pipeur occasionally made the tour of all the celebrated sporting resorts, except those which were supported by subscription, in the hopes of encountering with Shadow, but for a month in vain. He had managed to lose so often in trifling concerns, and to win but seldom, and then upon grand occasions, that he had pocketed

eted his gains almost imperceptibly, and without exciting the least suspicion.

At last they met together at a certain noted house in St. James's-square, and Brian pointed him out to Pipeur by signal. The box came to Pipeur's hand, and he gave the token to refrain.

"I will set you a hundred!" cried Brian.

Pipeur threw out, and paid his losses; his turn came round again, and he made the sign to bet.

"*In* for a hundred!" exclaimed Brian. He betted it thrice over, and Pipeur threw against six hundred pounds; he threw in, and repeated the signal. Brian took two hundred, and Pipeur threw against four hundred pounds—in again! He reversed the signal; Brian desisted, and Pipeur threw out. The box once more came to

Pipeur,

Pipeur, and he exclaimed—"Come, gentlemens, I shall stay but this round, so speak in time!" He made the signal to lay on.

"*In* for two hundred pounds," cried Brian.

"I'll set you five hundred!" exclaimed Shadow.

Pipeur threw in. He repeated the signal, threw in, and likewise the third time. He now thought it time to give over, and reversed the signal accordingly; he threw out, passed the box, and quitted his seat. Shadow had been touched for three thousand pounds, and he went round to Pipeur, and observed, with somewhat of suspicion in his looks, that he had been very lucky.

"*Oui, ma foi!*—ver lucky, and yet me be

be ver poor. How you make dat accord, eh? You see me win to-night—to-morrow you see dat you have your revenge."

"Well, will you meet us to-morrow, at ——'s, in St. James-street, close by?"

"*Oh qu' oui*, I sal do myself the honneur to accept your *defi*, and you sal see, perhaps, dat I do not carry Fortune in my pocket."

The allies met as usual, and it was found that they had four thousand pounds to divide from that night's booty. St. Pierre received the news of Shadow's loss with that excess of pleasure which gratifies revenge, and, in his opinion, it doubled his share of the winnings. It was now concluded that Pipeur should, on the next evening, exert himself to the utmost; and, if unluckily any discovery should

should take place, he swore to take all the consequences of his conduct upon himself.

The parties met according to agreement, and Pipeur won considerably, notwithstanding the precautions of repeatedly changing the dice, and of examining them before each throw. Pipeur was so great a master of his profession, that he manufactured his own *doctors*, in a way to deceive the minutest scrutiny; he procured common dice, drilled the holes, filled them with lead, and covered them over with the varnish used on such occasions, so that they would defy even the stroke of a hammer. Shadow, however, began to buz among the losers suspicions that all could not be fair. Pipeur still continued his manœuvres with the utmost coolness and dexterity; in proportion

proportion as he won, murmurs increased, and it at length broke out into distinct sounds of—"It can't all be fair."

Pipeur heard the rising storm, and he prepared for it. Having secured his false dice, he seized the first rumour, and exclaimed—"Who is he dat insinuate not fair? I challenge him to de proof."

No one in particular stepped forwards, but all the losers at once burst out into exclamations of—"Something must be wrong."

"If you mean on my part, gentlemens, as it appears by your being all against me, I deny it. You see I am alone—no confederate—I play vid such dice as you please—you examine dem; vat you vant more? You tink me have de false dice."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed all.

"Begar, den me know de consequence, but

but me do deny it. If any gentleman vil bet me one tousand guineas, I sal submit to de search:—who dare say done? Eh, none? Well den, for my own reputation I sal show you. Come and see vat you find."

The undaunted air which Pipeur assumed was deemed an artifice to cover his imposture, and a strict search was made over every article of his dress, but nothing appeared against him.

"Well, gentlemens, you satisfied now?" All were mute. "No reponse. Well den, I should have given you satisfaction to de last farthing in de world, but since you treat me so, I sal play no more where my honneur is doubted, widout proper apology."

The losers looked at each other in much confusion; they entered into consulta-

tion, but it was suddenly broken up by the report of a pistol, followed by an uproar in another part of the house. All rushed out to see what was the matter, and Brian took that opportunity of advising Pipeur to make his retreat. He was no sooner gone, than curiosity attracted Brian towards the scene of confusion, where he beheld a man weltering in his gore. The miserable suicide had been at play in another part of the house; his losses had thrown him into paroxysms of rage, and at length having lost his last stake, he went into a back yard, and put an end to his wretched existence. Wishing to avoid appearing on so disagreeable an occasion, all the company made a precipitate retreat, and Brian amongst the foremost. He hastened to meet the allies, and on comparing notes, they found

found their gains to exceed eleven thousand pounds. After the money was divided, Brian, whose previous intention of quitting the vicious and disgraceful pursuits of a gamester had been reduced to a firm determination by the shocking catastrophe which he had just witnessed, advised Pipeur and St. Pierre to withdraw with their property, if not from England, at least to a distance from London, as Pipeur would certainly be cried down, and St. Pierre, in all probability, could not long remain undiscovered.

Pipeur at first resisted, declaring that it was not worth his while to take such a journey for such a trifle, and setting all detection at defiance; but St. Pierre, who was more moderate in his sentiments, and also afraid of experiencing another such reverse of fortune as on his former ex-

pedition, thought that he had made sufficient to enable him to set up a gaming-house in his native place, on his own footing, and he joined with Brian in pressing Pipeur to retreat whilst all was well. Being thus left to stand by himself, Pipeur at length gave way; and before he finally took leave of them, he had the satisfaction of hearing them determine on setting out for Yarmouth the next day, to find a passage to some Danish port, being obliged to take a circuitous route, from the war subsisting between England and most of the continental powers.

Notwithstanding all these fortunate strokes, the poor wretch, weltering in blood, haunted Brian during the whole of the night; the corpse of Burnish was also present to his mind; and had he not

fortunately

fortunately have met with Verjuice to direct his pursuits, such, he thought, might ere now have been his own fate. The religious admonitions and instructions of his father—the anxiety of that fond parent, which had never been wholly effaced from his mind, now rushed upon it with their full force. All temptation was at an end, by his having affluence in his power, and vice was disarmed of all its weapons. He now resolved to bend all his thoughts towards the plan which Verjuice had meditated, and to endeavour to make some atonement for the manner in which he had obtained his fortune, by applying a portion of it towards acts of benevolence. This idea soothed his feelings, and, in some measure, reconciled him to himself.

To avoid every chance of again meet-

ing with Pipeur and St. Pierre, he tarried within doors the two following days; and, as his mind was continually haunted by the suicide, he drew the following sketch, as an antidote to any remaining inclination for play:—

THE SUICIDE,

OR,

THE GAMESTER'S PROGRESS.

FORTUNE to a fool a great misfortune proves—
More wealth he has, in higher circles moves,
The more his folly is expos'd to view;
Laught at by all, and envied but by few.
He reaps the fruits of dire intemperance,
Vice, which destroys or taints his little sense;
Disease, which preys upon his vital flame,
And makes his offspring almost curse his name;
Want, *poverty*, and *mis'ry*, close the train,
To squander easy, difficult to gain.

'Tis

'Tis well if here the catalogue should end,
And conscience, like a most remorseless fiend,
Should not, with horrid crimes, appal his mind,
Trembling at ev'ry midnight blast of wind;
Make of his downy bed a couch of thorn,
Where writhes the tortur'd wretch, nor sleeps till morn:
E'en then dire visions mock his guilty breast,
Though he may doze, yet never can he rest.

Wealth to enjoy, man must enlarge his mind,
And keep his wants in narrow sphere confin'd;
Desires are vague, unlimited, and vain,
Quickly succeeding in continued train,
Without an end; another one begets—
Like *Tantalus*, the suff'rer longs and frets.
Through sin the seasnalist hurries on,
Nor stops till all his pow'r of sinning done;
Then seeks too late t'avert his threaten'd doom,
His soul precedes him to the awful gloom.

JULIAN, when come to age, (a hopeful boy!)
Two thousand pounds a-year was to enjoy,
The gift of some relation, who had made
His fortune in the tedious way of trade.

A merchant was his father, who'd in view
That Julian should his business pursue;
But bad advisers mar'd the well-built schemes,
And fill'd young Julian's head with airy dreams.
"Two thousand pounds a-year, and fellow made!
For life the drudge of counting-house he made!"
Cried one. "Your father surely is in jest,
But your own inclinations you know best;
When sons on fathers for support depend,
To their dictates 'tis prudent to attend;
But when they're independent, (such your case)
To old men's whims their will should not give place."
"Mine shall not, I assure you," Julian cries;
Thenceforth 'twas vain for father to advise.
The counting-house was dropt, the tutor glad,
Took his farewell of the unruly lad,
Who ('twas the fashion) terms resolv'd to keep,
That is, within a college walls to sleep.
Improvement had no share in his designs,
Learning he deem'd the bore of vulgar minds;
'Twas *life* he wish'd to see—in other words,
To be the humble tool of sons of lords.
His father, though by no means well content,
Yielded with deep reluctance his consent.

Off

Off to our aunt's of Oxford, Julian drove,
Enter'd, matriculated—soon he strove
To scrape acquaintance with the noble few,
Thinking beneath him the untitled crew.
His handsome stipend soon was blaz'd about;
He hunted with the great, was at each rout;
Paid his full share, or more, grew highly vain,
And pride and pleasure turn'd his empty brain:
From glaring folly on to vice he ran,
The latter finish'd what the first began.
Morality became his standing joke,
And of *Religion* slightingly he spoke;
At *Virtue*, if 'twas ever nam'd, he smil'd,
Or, if he spoke, a hackney'd trick 'twas styl'd;
Contriv'd by daring minds the weak to sway,
An useful *ignis fatuus* of the day.
Whene'er at *Decency* he aim'd his strokes,
His comrades laugh'd at all his vulgar jokes;
So well his maxims did their genius hit,
They dubb'd him, and he thought himself—a wit.
Honour he rev'renc'd, but that glitt'ring name,
Which too oft dignifies the villain's shame;
To crown the whole, he'd *atheism* own,
And place blind chance on the Immortal's throne.

Such was his progress, such the rapid stride,
Morality and Virtue to deride
In one short term; and, as these guards recede,
To tyrant Vice the citadel's betray'd.
He felt no dread at being thus subdu'd,
But own'd his conqueror, and sham'd his blood.

The college life too narrow sphere he found
For libertine profess'd, so drove to town;
Where, whilst at th' eastern end the father toil'd,
The graceless son in bagnios was embroil'd;
Or, reeling through the western streets, would prowl
At midnight, like the day-detesting owl:
When prematurely all his money spent,
Return'd to college, feign'd accounts he sent
Of money, said to be for college dues,
But meant to pay the bills of London stews.
The draft receiv'd, another lie obtains
A leave of absence—town he soon regains;
Here through disgraceful scenes does shameless wade,
Which man beneath the rank of brute degrade.

Such his *debut*:—the rip'ning hand of time
Brought forth to view much deeper shades of crime.

It

It happen'd as he once the hounds pursu'd,
Thrown out, he wander'd through a pathless wood;
To ask his way, he found a cot,
Where mild content was all the owner's lot;
Too soon, alas! the blasting fiend arriv'd,
And tainted joys from innocence deriv'd.

There liv'd old Zamor, and Amanda fair,
His beauteous daughter of enchanting air;
The pride was she of all the neighb'ring plains,
Solicited by all the rustic swains;
As Venus beautiful, Diana chaste,
None yet her ruby lips had dar'd to taste,
Although they rais'd up, with bewitching charm,
Desires which scarce her coldness could disarm.
The coldest stoic, viewing, must approve,
Nor, whilst approving, could withhold his love;
Taught by benevolence, not pride, to please,
Her mind itself was innocence and ease;
Emblems of both, her rustic robes display
All that is gaily neat, and simply gay;
And whilst her garb the pearly neck reveals,
Pride show'd not more than modesty conceals.
From fashion's sickly rules she ne'er by stealth,
Borrow'd the crimson which declar'd her health;

[illegible] figure [illegible] the grace
[illegible] in her [illegible] face.
[illegible] [illegible] with her love vied,
[illegible] [illegible] beauty's pride.

[illegible] [illegible] Julian proofs,
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] he thought
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

He did so. Luckless, Zamor was from home:
His eyes, uninterrupted, wildly roam
O'er fair Amanda; his perfidious tongue
With well-turn'd praises of her beauties rung.
"What pity 'tis," he cried, "you were not born
To share a palace, and a throne adorn;
That niggard Fortune doom'd to mud-wall'd cot,
One form'd by nature for more glorious lot:
Might I presume t'avert the base design,
Here, at your feet, behold myself and mine."
This flatt'ry, oft repeated, deep instill'd
Its baneful poison, and her mind was fill'd
With vanity (the sex's curse) and pride,
Which to their ruin nearly is allied.
To private interviews the maid gave way,
And Julian made new progress ev'ry day.
At length, all honour, sense of duty lost,
Her fragile bark submitting to be tost
On life's dread ocean, up to town she flew,
And a kept mistress flutter'd gay to view.

The hapless Zamor, when the setting sun
Ended his toil, found all his treasure gone;
Nor long unknown, what worse than death to hear,
A neighbour, who had seen the whole affair,

Told

Told him, Amanda more than a long hour,
Had left the neighb'rhood in post-chaise and four
With an Ensign. Zamor quickly guest
The villain who had robb'd him thus of rest;
He flew to Oxford, to the Chancellor told
His tale, which would have mov'd a heart more cold:
Julian was sought, but nowhere to be found,
And justly was expell'd from classic ground.

The sentence and the crime were quickly brought
To Julian's father; ev'ry where he sought
His wretched son, to get him to restore
His hapless victim, and to sin no more.
In vain the search, till all his money spent,
Julian for more a trusty servant sent;
Th' indignant father all supplies refus'd,
Unless he sent her back whom he'd abus'd,
And hasten'd home. When Julian heard the news,
He flew among the money-lending Jews;
Few months he wanted to become of age,
So found but little trouble to engage
One of these spendthrift's *friends* to lend him gold,
With which in shameless luxury he roll'd.
'Midst dissipation the distracted mind's
Diverted from itself, and never finds

Time

Time for reflection; bustle is the screen
Which Vice displays to keep from being seen;
Retirement, Virtue's friend, would rend the veil,
And all her hideous form at once reveal;
No wretch so harden'd, who does not then see
The frightful hag in full deformity.
Thus far'd Amanda; dissipation eas'd,
Or rather dull'd her mind, too deep diseas'd:
One instant left alone, reflection came,
And gave her up a prey to guilty shame.

In sensual pleasures months roll'd on apace,
Julian, of age, must see his father's face;
T'inspect th'accounts of rents drawn from his lands,
And take the latter into his own hands.
Th'occasion pleasing, yet, with shame and dread,
(Such as Vice feels when forc'd to show its head)
He kept th'appointment:—let us leave him there.
Amanda staid at home, fix'd to a chair;
Unwelcome conscience, an intrusive guest,
Her bosom throng'd, and would not let her rest;
A stranger was announc'd—his bus'ness press'd:
Glad to divert her mind, with thought distress'd,
Amanda flew to meet him, and beheld
The aged Zamor, whom his staff upheld.

Distracting

Distracting sight!—she instantly withdrew,
And from the spectre to her chamber flew.
Soon the domestic came:—"The man," she cried,
"Begs one short moment's audience,"—'tis denied.
"Hasten him off, and tell me when he's gone;
Again the servant came, and said—"'Tis done."
"How did he go? How look? What say?"
"Tell her," said he, "that for her I shall pray
With my last breath; if e'er she want a friend,
She must come soon—my cares draw to an end."
Then, with uplifted hands, and eyes which stream'd—
"Enough!" Amanda cries. A wretch, who dream'd
Of happiness, thus wakes, and finds he's mock'd
By idle visions, which his fancy rock'd.

Sunk in despair, her face hid in her hands,
Before her the astonish'd Julian stands;
He hastily demands what caus'd her grief,
To tell it gave her lab'ring breast relief.
"Is that all?" Julian cried—"then dry your tears,
Fathers indeed are terrible bug-bears;
But children at a certain age are free;
Just so the case is with yourself and me:
You see me not in grief, though I have borne
Reproaches for your sake—the world I scorn.

Let's

Let's to the Park, the threat'ning storm is past,
Grief mocks itself when it too long does last."

They hurried off, and join'd the thoughtless throng,
Which help each other to drag life along.
Whilst Julian's passion no abatement knew
Amanda more contented daily grew.
But short is guilty passion. Julian hir'd
A separate house; no more her charms inspir'd
His wonted ardour; with possession cloy'd,
He suffer'd her embraces, not enjoy'd;
His visits now at intervals were paid,
These longer grew, those shorter, (hapless maid!)
Julian had promis'd, when to age he came,
That legal rites should sanctify their flame;
Whene'er she importun'd him so to do,
Some urgent bus'ness feign'd, away he flew.
Reflection came—Amanda, left to think,
Saw the contempt to which she fast must sink;
Virtue appear'd in dignity array'd,
And Vice, unveil'd, her hideous face display'd.
Days now roll'd on, and e'en a week, and more,
Nor Julian's thund'ring knock assail'd the door;
Absorb'd, 'mongst keen-set blacklegs, all his time,
He lost his money, wasted his life's prime;

Scarce

Scarce on Amanda thought, and when he did,
'Twas only to devise how to get rid
Of her, now tiresome grown. Amanda's pride
Soon took th'alarm; she saw his tongue belied
His heart; the latter was not her's—'twas lost;
And she, 'twixt hopes and fears unceasing tost,
Resolv'd at once from his own lips to hear
What left for her to hope for, or to fear.
One day she press'd him earnestly to keep
His word, and set her restless doubts to sleep;
Equivocating answers she receiv'd,
Told him no longer she would be deceiv'd;
Gave him a week to think on't—he withdrew,
Rejoic'd her pride thus seconded his view.

The week elaps'd, nor Julian once appear'd;
Destroy'd the charm which formerly endear'd
Amanda to his heart, he eager sought
Those pleasures which with novelty were fraught.
All the last day, in anxious deep suspense,
Amanda sat, almost bereft of sense;
She heard the knocker roar, hope fill'd her breast,
"He comes," she cried, "to set my fears to rest!"
The door flew open, 'twas not Julian's face,
A stranger 'twas, one sent to fill his place:

He

He told her Julian's mind was much distrest,
That with each other they could ne'er be blest;
His fortune was with losses much derang'd,
And, worse!—his father's heart was quite estrang'd;
One only way remain'd for him to mend
His shatter'd fortune; marriage was his end,
And with some rich——Amanda heard no more,
But fell, bereav'd of senses, on the floor.

The stranger call'd the servants to her aid;
From death they sav'd her, more of life afraid;
Convey'd her to her chamber, where she pass'd
A night, she car'd not if to be her last.
"How does this dreary gloom of night," she cried,
"With silent awe our guilty joys deride!
Yet when the morn's once pleasing scenes return,
No happier I, who day or night must mourn.
Have I not lost the peace of spotless fame,
And ting'd a father's glowing cheek with shame?
Can I return? *If e'er she want a friend*
Were his last words—they prophecy'd my end.
What then? The prudent old, the spotless young,
Will have my shame for ever on their tongue:
Let it be so—cast on paternal shore,
My bleeding virtue will relapse no more."

Pleas'd

Pleas'd at th' idea, which allay'd her woes,
And calm'd her mind, she sank into repose;
Woke with the rising sun, and took the road
Which led to her once peaceful blest abode:
Alas! no more for her a resting-place,
Strange it appear'd, and new was ev'ry face.
Her beating heart guess'd, ere she ask'd, the news,
Nor scorn a tear of pity could refuse:
"Zamor liv'd here," she said. "He's dead," one cries,
She stagger'd, fell, for ever clos'd her eyes.

A rose thus, once the pride of garden ground,
Gave nectar to the bees, spread fragrance round;
Perfum'd with odours sweet each breeze of air,
Though always giving, still was no less fair;
Gather'd untimely from its peaceful rest,
To deck and grace some hard unfeeling breast,
That instant all its beauteous colours fled,
And with its charms the lovely rose was dead.

When Julian heard Amanda was a corse,
His callous heart felt nothing like remorse;
With vice enamour'd, e'en of folly vain,
He still pursu'd the soul-destroying train.

A living

A living fell—the gift was in his hands,
A snug advowson, and some rich glebe lands;
Adolphus claim'd the promise—'twas allow'd,
On him the living freely was bestow'd:
Although by debts of honour sadly press'd,
Julian to raise the money was distress'd,
The claims of gamesters (devastating band!)
With heavy mortgages had charg'd his land;
And though by much his income was reduc'd,
Yet to reform was Julian not induc'd.

Adolphus now, his eager hopes to crown,
And thank his patron, hastens up to town,
And with him brings his wife, a handsome dame,
Who might in any breast have rais'd a flame:
Julian's was touchwood, and it soon caught fire—
She rais'd, he strove to gratify desire.
Each plot seductive he contriv'd, nor vain,
Altho' no easy conquest 'twas to gain;
ELIZA fell beneath his wily art,
Her husband *now* no longer had her heart.

Some days their guilty pleasures they pursu'd
With utmost caution, nor Adolphus view'd

With

With jealous eyes the great attention shewn
By Julian to his wife, though pointed grown:
Blindly secure, th' enraptur'd pair indulg'd
In freedoms which their secret guilt divulg'd.
Adolphus rag'd to find his treach'rous friend
Had thus of all his comforts made an end;
He lov'd Eliza, and all offers spurn'd
Of compromise—his heart for vengeance burn'd;
Renounc'd the living he disdain'd to hold,
He would not bear dishonour 'sake of gold;
To the law's remedy he first applied,
An action for *crim. con.* is brought and tried;
A verdict of five thousand pounds obtain'd,
To lowest dregs the estate of Julian drain'd.

Nor yet Adolphus felt his wrath abate—
The price of shame could not allay his hate;
He went to law, not to increase his store,
But, as himself, to make his rival poor:
That end was answer'd—Julian was undone,
The law and dice had his last guinea won.
Eliza, dearly bought, was now contemn'd,
To want, and shame, and misery condemn'd;
Turn'd out of doors, no place to hide her head,
All night she stroll'd the streets for daily bread.

'Tis

'Tis thus a flow'r, which sight and smell allur'd,
Once pluck'd, decays, is little while endur'd;
Together with its beauty flies each sweet,
Grown nauseous soon, and trodden under feet.

Pond'ring on ways and means lost Julian sat,
Now started up—one moment snatch'd his hat,
Resolv'd to see his father—but the next
Found him 'twixt shame and guilt, as erst perplext.
Th'idea vanish'd, he resum'd his chair,
Abandon'd to distraction and despair.
A messenger arriv'd, a letter brought,
A challenge 'twas, and by Adolphus wrote:
Julian accepted it, flew to a friend,
And begg'd a brace of pistols he would lend.
"Aye," answers he, "you are a lad of merit,
And the road's good for those who have the spirit;
At night you'll meet us? Cash is stirring, man—"
"I will," cries Julian: to Hyde-park he ran.
Adolphus was already in the Ring;
They aim'd—at once each touch'd the fatal spring;
Adolphus' breast receiv'd the murd'rous lead,
And, murd'rer like, the wretched Julian fled.

To shun the law's pursuit, his lodging chang'd,
Fearful of day, at midnight Julian rang'd;
Till, urg'd by want, he to his father wrote
A most repentant, most submissive note.
The aged parent, through his fond concern,
Had been too anxious of his son to learn;
The news had made him sick, and then in bed
(Which he was ne'er to quit!) for him he bled.
E'en in that state he was rejoic'd to hear
His son's repentance; wiping off the tear,
"Let him," said he, "come hither ere I die;
Heav'n to repentance yields, much more ought I."

Like light'ning Julian flew; no pious thought
Quicken'd his steps—the fortune 'twas he sought)
Enter'd the chamber, and the bed approach'd,
His crimes the dying parent ne'er reproach'd:
"I leave you all," says he. "My Julian, quit
Those tempters who, like fiends, about you flit;
Who court you only to destructive ends,
To ruin under the disguise of friends.
All my concerns now fall into your hands,
A handsome surplus after all demands;
Tread in my steps—you may regain what's lost,
An honest merchant's England's proudest boast;

Quit

Quit vain pursuits, despise false honour's rules,
The treach'rous web in which rank knaves catch fools;
Be virtuous, prudent, Heaven will bestow—"
He could no more, breath'd short, his pulse beat slow;
Clos'd were his eyes awhile, then open, clos'd,
The good old man died as he had only doz'd.

Like as the sun behind the western hills,
Though seen no more, the neighb'ring vallies fills
With its departing rays; so does the fame
Of a good man long while preserve his name.

Who thinks on Julian's mind this scene would make
A due impression, make a wide mistake;
Some little grief he feign'd, though none did feel,
'Twas only art rejoicing to conceal.
Scarce within bounds of decency he kept,
Till in the grave his father's ashes slept;
Then sold off all, to former courses flew,
It seem'd the dice-box to his fingers grew;
Scarce ever separate, but when he'd pass
Some looser hours with women o'er the glass.

On such an errand he one night repair'd,
Whither, for similar purpose, he oft steer'd;

No female there, he bade the waiter haste
To fetch him one could please his sickly taste:
Not long he tarried ere the lady came,
Dim were her eyes, emaciate her frame.
"My taste you better knew, I should have thought—
You waiter! Who's this haggard thing you've brought?"
"I pleas'd you once," cried she, in feeble tone,
"And ne'er had now lamented beauty flown,
If your seductive arts had not betray'd,
And of this mis'ry the foundation laid:
Behold ELIZA! once the happy wife
Of that ADOLPHUS you depriv'd of life!"

Julian that instant started from the room,
And left the wretched wand'rer to her doom;
Flew to the gaming-house, with wine inflam'd,
And, by the spectre haunted, deeply gam'd;
Nor happily: each throw his loss increas'd,
And rais'd his ardour as his means decreas'd.
To his last stake ill-fortune ne'er gave o'er,
He lost, he bit the dice, rav'd, stamp'd, and swore;
Then left the room with looks of wild despair.
'He's gone," cried they, "on th' road to take the air!"

Such thoughts indeed had Julian—home he flew,
And from the case the loaded pistols drew;

Again

Again the ghastly spectre sore annoy'd.
" By those," he cried, " Adolphus was destroy'd!
By those, perhaps, another falls this night,
Or else myself:—Ah! need that thought affright?
The courses which through life I have pursued,
In blood already have my hands imbrued:
Zamor, Amanda, Adolph, start to view,
Shaking their gory locks, each cries—*'Twas you!*
See, see! my father too reluctant rise,
And join th' accusing throng with tear-blurr'd eyes.
Can Heav'n these multifarious crimes forgive?
That's for *hereafter*. How shall I *now* live?
Say that I rob—why justice, soon or late,
With ignominious death will seal my fate:
Why not die now? The means this tube supplies,
Touch but the spring, and all my anguish dies:
Then be it so." 'Tis cock'd—his palsied hand
Presents it to his head—he makes a stand—
Tries to ejaculate a feeble pray'r,
But no good genius, guardian angel, near,
Whispers him comfort.. " Ah, 'tis vain!" he cries,
Then through his head the murd'rous lead swift flies;
His soul, with guilt deep-laden, and remorse,
Disgusted, leaves the shatter'd mangled corse.

CHAP. VII.

A Foxhunter's Declaration of Love hit off in Style—He is thrown out, and rides Home in the Dumps.

During this time the treaty of alliance between the families of Spanker and Thrum had been commenced, and abruptly broken off. Miss Thrum had been prepared by her mother for the Baronet's intentions, which, it may be well supposed, she felt no inclination to favour. The Baronet, whose heart was not in the slightest degree interested in the affair,

opened

opened the preliminaries in as unconcerned a manner as if it had been a common turf-transaction.

"I presume, Miss Thrum," said he, "that your mother has acquainted you that Lady Spanker has been proposing a match between you and myself, and I have no doubt that we shall make as pretty a pair as ever started over the course of matrimony. For my part, I never baulk sport—give or take, all the same to me—never flinch—play or pay is my maxim—sound wind and limb—blood to the bone—neither shy, bolt, nor founder—hold out to the last—so, if you say *done*, it's a bargain."

"I am truly sensible, Sir John, of the honour and advantages attending your proposal, but I must beg to decline them, as our dispositions are not adapted

to congeniality, and without that marriage can be but a burden."

"Pish! there is not a fellow in the world can be more *congenial* than myself; suit all tempers—do just as you like—choose your own equipage, liveries—the country or watering-places in the summer—London or Bath in the winter—go smoothly over the ground, you'll see."

"Our ideas of happiness, Sir John, are widely different; I prefer domestic happiness to all the giddy scenes of fashionable pursuits."

"Well, have every thing your own way—go abroad, or stay at home—town or country—no constraint—break cover whenever you please. Is not that congenial? Is not that enough?"

"Much more than any reasonable woman

man would desire, Sir John; but still there is a *somewhat* which I must leave to your sense to penetrate, as I cannot explain it."

"Why not? Give it tongue—sha'n't stand out for trifles—pin-money—settlement upon brats—let the old ones settle those matters."

"These are but secondary objects, Sir John, where the essentials are wanting. There is an obstacle—"

"Eh, what!—I smoke it. Engaged to another, I suppose—all is not gold that glitters. There is as good manhood to be found under a hunting frock as a scarlet coat, though all the good of the one be on the inside, and of the other on the outside."

"I see, Sir John, that we shall never be brought to consider the subject in the

same light, and therefore I must desire that you will drop it entirely."

"What, then you cry off? That's poz, is it?"

"I certainly must persist in declining your proposals, Sir John."

"Pull up's the word; never follow a blind chace—soon start fresh game, I'll warrant ye, with not half the tricks and doubles—all fair running. So you mean *no* for an answer?"

"I do, Sir."

"Well then, stakes drawn—no match—off we are."

Sir John now sought Lady Spanker, who was waiting to hear the issue of his declaration, and was so indignant at so peremptory a refusal, that she termed Miss Thrum a *fool*, and the Baronet a *booby*. She told him to give orders for

for their instant departure, whilst she herself made a last effort with the Knight and his Lady. She accordingly solicited and obtained an interview with them, in which she pointed out all the advantages (not forgetting to throw into the scale some hints of the honour) attending her proposal; and acquainting them with their daughter's *blindness to her own interest*, as she termed it, concluded with attributing it to (its real motive) her attachment to the Major, of whom she affected to speak very disdainfully.

Sir Jacob was quite thunderstruck at this latter insinuation, as he had never entertained the least idea of construing the Major's silent attention into a love for his daughter. He stared wildly at his Lady, and asked if it were really so?

"This is the very first time I ever

heard of it," replied her Ladyship; "but it would not be very wonderful if two persons of different sexes, and of no very different ages, should entertain an esteem for each other."

"What, my Lady!—has she dared, without our approbation——"

"Such matters very often take place without the approbation of even the parties themselves," said Lady Thrum, with a smile. "Love generally takes by surprise."

"I know nothing about that, my Lady, but I am surprised and offended too."

"It will be time enough to be offended with your daughter, when she shall have committed a breach of duty, Sir Jacob."

"Well then, if I have no right to be offended,

offended, I suppose I may be surprised, that she has not asked for our approbation."

"I have no doubt, Sir Jacob, that Maria will see the propriety of obtaining it, before she forms any *engagement*."

"But, my Lady, there must be something in it, or she would never have refused such an offer. Do step and ask her about it."

"I have ordered my carriage to be got ready," said Lady Spanker, "as under such circumstances, any longer stay must be disagreeable to both parties; but if you think Miss Thrum may be brought to reason——"

"If that be the case," observed Lady Thrum, with somewhat of displeasure, "I really conceive that this is pressing

my daughter too hastily; a matter of such importance is not to be arranged in an hour—female delicacy forbids it."

"Why, aye, the girl should have fair play, as you say, my Lady. 'Tis all a trick of the sex, to say *no*, to the first, second, and sometimes the third asking, when they mean *aye* at the same time. Is it not, my Lady?"

"The duplicity of your sex, Sir Jacob, makes a little reserve on the side of ours, not only necessary, but highly proper; but I have ever found Maria to be candid on most occasions."

"Then undoubtedly she is so on this," said Lady Spanker, "and it will be useless to press her any farther."

"I don't know that, Lady Spanker," said Sir Jacob; "girls don't know their

own minds. Do, my dear, step and reason over the matter with her."

"I will comply with your wish, Sir Jacob, although I wholly disapprove of such hasty measures."

Maria readily acknowledged her unconquerable aversion to an alliance with the Baronet; and on being pressed by her mother, she, after some hesitation, confessed her attachment to the Major.

"That being the case, as indeed I had begun to suspect," said her ladyship, "it would be very ungenerous to detain the Baronet any longer in a fruitless pursuit, and I shall endeavour, if it be possible, to free you from his importunities, without giving offence. I am assured that your father, no more than myself, would not seek to force your inclinations, but

we

we still retain our right of approving or disapproving your choice, which is a matter for future consideration."

Lady Thrum now returned to the company, and addressing herself to Lady Spanker, expressed a hope, that, notwithstanding her daughter's inclination did not lead her to accept the honour of the proposed alliance, still the families might continue on their former friendly footing.

"Oh, certainly, my Lady," replied Lady Spanker, somewhat indignantly; "whenever we meet we shall behave with our usual *civility*, as one cannot be answerable for the *absurdities* of one's children. Time and experience can only bring them to their senses."

A servant now announced that the carriage

riage was ready, and Sir John seated on the box. Some few cold civilities and formalities of leave-taking ensued, as Sir Jacob and his lady attended Lady Spanker to her carriage; the Baronet *flung an adieu* with his hand, grasped his whip, and drove off in style, thinking no more of Miss Thrum than of one of her mother's cook-maids.

Sir Jacob was very much hurt at the cavalier departure of his guests; and her Ladyship, though no less deeply offended, was very much pleased with the occasion of it.

"You see, Sir Jacob, what an insulting air of superiority they affect to assume over us."

"Aye, on account of their superior rank, I suppose; but for all that, they are much

much our inferiors in good manners, and, what is more, in fortune too, with all their loftiness."

"They have shewn themselves, Sir Jacob; the fortune was their only aim. We may now repay their insolence with a proper contempt; but how galling would it have been, if an alliance of the families had daily exposed us to it!"

"I have a great mind, my Lady, just to spite them, that's all, to get myself made a Baronet; a few thousands would do the job."

"Poh, poh, Sir Jacob, you have this instant had a striking example that rank does not increase respectability. Those thousands which you would barter for a chimera, might contribute essentially to the happiness of some man worthy of our daughter's affection, and who will have

have more sense than to prefer his horses and his dogs to his wife. Let us shew ourselves above sacrificing solidity to sound."

"But surely, my dear, you would not have us throw away Maria upon a Major, whose commission is his sole possession?"

"We do not know that it is so, Sir Jacob, and even then I must confess that I should prefer him to the booby Baronet. We might, at least, expect as respectful treatment from him, as that of the Baronet would have been the reverse. He seems to have the strictest sense of honour, and Maria has no less a sense of duty, so that we have little to apprehend. As, however, I have ascertained that Maria's happiness is interested in what concerns the Major, it may be proper to make some inquiries, and I have a pro-

posal

posal to make to you, my dear. Suppose we send to town, to request Mr. Bonnycastle's company for a few days; we both entertain a high opinion of him; he is the intimate friend of the Major, and may be able to give us some information."

"Well, well, manage matters as you think proper; but I am afraid my appetite is gone for my dinner."

"Nonsense, my dear; your dinner shall be just the same as if your guests had tarried; and I should entertain a very indifferent opinion of your understanding, if I could harbour an idea that the loss of such company could subtract the least from your enjoyment of it."

"Perhaps, my dear, I shan't eat an ounce the less, particularly if the hare be well roasted."

"I shall look to it myself, Sir Jacob,

the

the instant I have dispatched a messenger. But, now I think of it, Augustus is quite disengaged, and would be happy to convey the invitation to his friend, as well as most likely to succeed."

"Well, well, I don't care who goes upon that errand, so you mind the hare; let the stuffing be nice."

"Never fear."

Augustus very readily undertook the commission, and he had no sooner received his instructions than he mounted his horse, and set out for London. He arrived at the very moment when Brian was wishing to communicate to him Verjuice's scheme, the latter having found a Member of Parliament, who possessed a considerable landed property, and who wished to encrease his consequence with his constituents, ready to join the firm,

and

and to advance forty thousand pounds, on having his name put at the head of it, and being allowed a proportionable share in the concern. Augustus informed Brian how matters stood at Ewel. Giles was ordered to take charge of Augustus's horse, to saddle his own hackney for his master, and to lead them both to the foot of Westminster-bridge. Brian and Augustus hastened to the Major's lodging, made known to him the issue of the Baronet's overtures, and, having promised to send him word how matters went on, set out for Ewel. They found Sir Jacob in the midst of his afternoon's nap, and Augustus conducted Brian to pay his respects to his mother and sister.

"We have lost Lady Spanker and her son, Mr. Bonnycastle," said her Ladyship.

"So I understand, my Lady."

"And

"And we wanted you to entertain Sir Jacob."

"I shall be extremely glad, my Lady, if my company will have that effect; I obeyed your summons with the utmost pleasure."

"You are very kind, Sir; I know not how we can repay you, unless by prevailing on a certain lady to give us her company too."

"He must be devoid of sense, my Lady, who cannot derive happiness from the present circle; but whoever has enjoyed the conversation of the lady to whom, I presume, you allude, must acknowledge that her presence will enliven any society."

"We are so well convinced of it, Sir, that I shall dispatch the carriage to-morrow morning, with a request to Mr. Hewson,

Hewson, that he will permit his daughter to return in it."

"Not, I hope, my Lady, under an idea that my abode here would be otherwise irksome to me."

"Oh no, Sir, we shall be *almost* as happy in Miss Hewson's company as you can be."

On the road to Ewel, Brian had communicated to Augustus the scheme which Vergnese had formed for him, in which a Mr. Barker, a member of parliament, and a man of large landed property in Sussex, had agreed to embark his name, and a capital to the extent of forty thousand pounds; and that there was only one other partner wanting to set the business afloat, and that they imagined such a connexion would be an eligible opportunity for himself to launch out upon the world,

as

as he had been bred to business. Augustus professed to entertain the utmost pleasure at the offer, and undertook to prevail upon his father to give his consent to it, and to furnish him with a sufficient capital.

He now left the room to speak to his father on the subject; Maria, on a look from her mother, made some excuse for withdrawing, and Lady Thrum introduced the Major on the carpet. Brian gave him the highest character for honour, bravery, correct, at the same time polished manners, and an understanding refined both by education and a knowledge of the world.

"I have seen enough of the Major," said her Ladyship, "to give him credit for all that you say in his favour, but you know that my daughter will receive a handsome

handsome fortune, and her father and myself will naturally expect that it be met, if not with an equivalent, yet with a decent support of the consequences of a married life. The Major has not indeed made any overtures to us; but as I am informed by Maria that he had professed an attachment to her, it cannot be improper to make some inquiry respecting his circumstances, particularly of yourself, who are a friend of both parties."

"Your Ladyship does me honour, and is entitled to my utmost candour. I have heard the Major say that his sole inheritance was a paternal estate in Gloucestershire, of about five hundred pounds a-year, out of which his mother, who is still living, receives one hundred and fifty pounds a-year for her jointure; after

her

her death, the estate will be his clear property. He has always lived as prudent as his situation in life would admit of his doing, but I do not know that he has—I should rather imagine that he cannot have—saved any thing out of his income."

"I am highly obliged by your sincerity, Sir, and I shall acquaint Sir Jacob with what you have told me. If my daughter gives the preference to the Major, I shall consult her inclination, and at the same time, I must confess, my own, in supporting the Major's pretensions, as I entertain a very favourable opinion of him; but that must rest till he shall think fit to make his proposals."

"That, I am assured, my Lady, he would not lose a moment in doing, if he thought he should not incur the imputation of presumption."

"Oh, Sir! what, a soldier, and afraid! However, he had best delay the business till I have had a little time to prepare Sir Jacob for it."

The Knight's mind had been so full of the supercilious behaviour of Lady Spanker and the Baronet, that even slumber did not erase the impression. He dreamed that a competition had arisen between himself and Sir John for a particularly fine turbot, and that a preference had been given to his competitor, on account of the precedency of his rank; he awoke with mixed emotions of disappointment, vexation, and rage, and imagined that his dream was an omen for his future guidance: he was almost resolved on procuring the honour of hereditary knighthood, when Augustus entered the room. The Baronet instantly opened

opened the subject to his son, who, he imagined, would gladly accede to his opinion, by stating the importance attached to rank—that his own title, not being hereditary, his son would be only a plain *esquire*, which, now-a-days, signified nothing: thus wishing to pass off his own ambition as solely the effect of paternal regard, he declared his intention of procuring a title, which would descend to his son, as well as his estates.

Augustus, smiling, said, that as his father had been the founder of his own fortune, he had a right to lay it out on a title, or in any other way he pleased, and that it was the utmost wish of his family to see him happy in every respect; but, as for himself, he wished to tread in his father's steps; and after he should have shewn himself worthy of Fortune's fa-

tours, by honourable pursuits, it would be then time enough for him to think of adding to its honours. He then disclosed the proposal which Brian had made to him.

The Knight had always been afraid that his son would think himself above business, which had never lost its charms with himself; and he no sooner heard him voluntarily offer to take the very bias to which he would have inclined him, than he opened his eyes, and demanded if he was in earnest? On being answered that it was his wish, the Knight observed, that the banking-business was an honourable and a lucrative line of life; that he had heard Mr. Barter mentioned as a man of considerable property, and that he should have no objection to advance for him a

sum

sum equal to what his friend Brian should subscribe towards the joint-stock.

Brian was now called in to talk over the business; and the Knight was so delighted with the new scheme, that the title was wholly forgot, and he thought no more of Lady Spanker and the Baronet than they did of him. During the rest of the evening the conversation turned wholly on the profits of bankers, in which the Knight could display considerable knowledge; and Lady Thrum, on being made acquainted with the scheme, was no less pleased with it. She was too sensible a woman not to be aware, that when once hereditary pride had stolen into a family, all the younger branches of it were sacrificed to keep up the dignity of the heir to the title. She

loved her children equally, and dreaded the Knight's new whim of being created a Baronet, as tending to the prejudice of her daughter, and was rejoiced at any measure which could divert him from it, without seeming to thwart his inclinations; she therefore gave it all the support in her power: nay, not to suffer the matter to cool, she proposed that Augustus and Brian should set off for London the next morning, to settle preliminaries with Mr. Barter, and that they should return together. Matters were so arranged, and Augustus and his friend set out for town in the carriage, in which it was intended that Miss Hewson should return, leaving the Major's concern wholly to the management of Lady Thrum.

On their arrival, Augustus immediately waited on Mr. Hewson, to convey the request

request of his father and mother; but Charlotte informed him that her father was so very much indisposed, that she could by no means think of leaving him for the present; the carriage therefore was sent back empty.

[illegible] of his accomplices [illegible] condemned [illegible] had indulged [illegible] of revenge; [illegible] that [illegible] to [illegible] of mischief [illegible] in return, [illegible] resuming his usual [illegible] to [illegible] a less hazardous [illegible] than that of a gamester, and would [illegible] access to the [illegible] of his employers in the trifling [illegible] of their [illegible].

Brian trembled at hearing this exposure; but when he found that his own name was not once hinted at, and, after probing the Jacobite could neither discover from his conversation nor looks,

that he was considered as in the least implicated, he joined in the laugh raised at Shadow's expence.

The Baronet had resolved to make the affair as public as possible, as no particle of friendship could have entered into the composition of two such characters, and he was enraged at his duplicity and treachery. He swore not only to cut his acquaintance, but to publish his disgrace, and unmask his real character.

"Thus 'tis when gamesters disagree,
They blaze each other's villany."

But Brian stopped this first ebullition of his passion, by hinting that Shadow might seek to retaliate, and particularly adverted to the late feat at Newmarket. The Baronet's rage soon yielded to this remonstrance, and he resolved on taking a

more secret revenge. After the Baronet's departure, the Major and Brian diverted themselves with the success of St. Pierre's revenge, which had mortified the vanity of two such worthies, and set them together by the ears. They now agreed to pass away the evening at one of the theatres, and accordingly took the route leading to that of Covent-garden; the doors were not yet opened, and they adjourned to one of the hotels under the piazzas, to take a glass of wine. The table was scarcely replenished before the waiter opened the door, and they heard him say—"Here are two gentlemen, but I do not know whether they are the same you want to see."

Three country-looking persons now introduced themselves, and Brian and the Major instantly recognized them to be

be the very same who had played Sir Charles Rushlight such a trick at Epsom. The sharpers said to one another, Mr. Shadow is not here; and one of them, addressing himself to our friends, said, that they thought to have met a Mr. Shadow there, and asked if they were acquainted with such a person? Brian, giving the Major's elbow a squeeze, replied, that they were acquainted with a gentleman of that name, but that they had not come thither with an expectation of meeting him.

"Well, since you are acquainted together," said the same person, "we will wait his arrival here, if we shall not interrupt any particular business."

Brian, willing to see the end of this adventure, replied, that he and his friend were upon no business, and had only

stept

stept in till the doors of the theatre should be opened.

The three sharpers then called for wine, and after two or three glasses, one of them proposed a game of cards, to pass away the time; this proposal was agreed to by the rest, but an obstacle was started, that there were only three of them.

"Perhaps," said one, "these gentlemen will have no objection to take a hand, merely for amusement, or a share of a bottle of wine."

Brian and the Major both declined the invitation, and the three colleagues set down to dumb whist. In the course of the game, at which they all feigned to be novices, frequent disputes arose, which they referred to the by-standers, and used all the usual methods of drawing them in

to

to be interested in betting or otherwise, but without success; they knew their men too well to swallow the bait.

About an hour afterwards Shadow entered the room with two gentlemen, whom he introduced to the three sharpers, but that instant catching the eyes of Brian and the Major, he appeared thunderstruck. Presently, calling up all his effrontery, he came round to salute them, expressing his surprise at so unexpected a rencontre; then, in a half-whisper, he asked if they knew the gentlemen with whom he had found them in company?

"No," replied Brian, "we were not in their company, although they have come into ours. They told us they expected to meet you here, and I am much mistaken if I have not seen them somewhere

where before, and in your company; you must know them certainly."

"Don't you think," asked Shadow, "that they are the same as played the Baronet and myself such a slippery trick at Epsom?"

"I think so, and have thought so from the very first sight of them."

"I met them by chance, but they did not recollect me, and I have laid a scheme to pay them off in kind. Will you lend a helping hand?—Snacks. You understand me, eh?"

"Yes; but I am otherwise engaged, and must depart immediately. When did you see the two West Indians? Did they meet you according to appointment, to give you your revenge?"

"No, they were too deep for that—

a dead

a dead bite! I have some suspicion that Sir Charles Rushlight was concerned with them, as he lay by, and has been ever since full of his jokes and sneers."

"Well, I can tell you, if you do not know it, that he entertains similar suspicions of you, and says that one of the West Indians was your old friend Count Van Hoorn, in disguise."

"Poh, no one ever doubted the Baronet's talent for invention; he is well known to drive with a long whip. Between friends, he is not at all the thing. Talk of blacklegs!—he would prey upon his own brother, if he could not light upon other game. Never depend upon him."

"I assure you I never intend it."

"*Verbum sapienti*—you are wise, and a word is sufficient. I owe him a trick, and

and it shall go hard but I find a time for paying him off. Come, you may as well cut in—we know how to do the trick."

Brian positively declined, and left the room with the Major.

"That Shadow," said the Major, "is the most bold-faced villain I ever met in my life; he sets detection at defiance, and glories in his knavery: I could hardly refrain from affronting him."

"Psha! he is beneath notice," said Brian, "and in future let us treat him so. The Baronet is a bird of the same feather, and if they prey upon each other, they will but do the world justice."

Brian and his friend took their station in a box, where the former seated himself next to an elderly gentleman, who had the appearance of a foreigner. This gentleman addressed himself to Brian, in French,

French, and finding by his answer that he spoke the language fluently, he joined in conversation with him on the representation, which Brian explained to him. The stranger was very polite, very affable, and displayed an extensive knowledge of the world. Between the acts he informed Brian that he was a native of Portugal, although he had travelled over great part of the continent of Europe; that he was last from the Brazils, whither he had fled, with his property, among the emigrants who attended the royal family in their escape from French insult and rapacity; and that he had sailed thence to this country, to settle accounts with some of his correspondents here. As Mr. Hewson, during Brian's abode with him, had been in the habit of making large shipments, and receiving consignments

[illegible] to and from Lisbon, Brian remembered the names of several whom he remembered, and found that Signor Pereiro, (that was the stranger's name) had been acquainted with most of them. This communication instantly begat a sort of intimacy; and Pereiro, at the end of the entertainment, gave Brian his address, desiring to be favoured with a call whenever he should come to that part of the city, which Brian readily promised.

As they were leaving the theatre, Brian caught the eye of the Duchess of Fallowland, who left her party, and advanced towards him.

"I wanted to speak to you very much indeed," said she; "where have you kept out of the way?—where can I see you?"

After a moment's hesitation, Brian replied, that the worthy woman, to whom her

her Grace had been so great a benefactress, had removed to a respectable house in ——— street, and would think herself highly honoured, as well as gratified, by an opportunity of thanking her Grace for her present happiness.

"Then meet me there to-morrow at noon," said her Grace, and rejoined her company.

Brian went to Mrs. Adamson's at least half an hour before the time appointed, to prepare her for the visit, and her Grace was punctual to the time. After Mrs. Adamson had poured out the honest effusions of her gratitude, her Grace took the opportunity of her being called into the shop, to ask Brian why he had estranged himself so much of late? He candidly related to her his numerous engagements, and she was satisfied with his

his apologies for not having had it in his power to pay his respects to her before. She then addressed him as follows:—

"Mr. Bonnycastle, it is needless to say that I entertain an esteem for you; I wished to have had an opportunity of giving you some token of it, but I was sensible that the same delicacy which prevented you from asking any favour from me, would feel hurt at my offering it unasked: however, an opportunity has now presented itself of my desiring your acceptance of that which will cost me nothing to bestow, and need not make you blush to receive. A living of four hundred pounds a-year, which is in the gift of his Grace, has lately fallen into hand, and as such an event appeared far distant, the late incumbent being a young man, it was luckily disengaged; I instantly

stantly recollected your having mentioned to me, at Richmond, that your father was a clergyman, and I solicited and obtained from his Grace the promise of the nomination. It is at your father's service, if it be worth his acceptance."

Brian received her Grace's offer with the most heartfelt acknowledgements, and promised to dispatch the pleasing account to his father, that he might come to town, and thank their Graces in person, for this unexpected benefice. He accordingly performed the grateful filial task immediately after her Grace had taken her leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The desponding Lover—An unexpected Visitant—Disinterested Love and Gratitude—A Matrimonial Medley, and the Novel Writer's and Dramatist's Finale—Marriage and Happiness.

SEVERAL days were taken up in arranging matters with Mr. Barter, and at length the terms were all settled, and put into the hands of a solicitor, to be reduced to a legal form. Verjuice undertook the task of looking out for a house fit for the purpose; and Augustus had no sooner transmitted to Ewel an account of their proceedings,

proceedings, and his intention of returning the instant he could procure a copy of the agreement from the solicitor, to bring with him for his father's perusal and approbation, than Brian hurried him off to inquire whether Mr. Hewson had got the better of his indisposition.

Augustus was received by Miss Hewson, who appeared very dejected. To his inquiries she answered, with tears, that her father was rather worse than better; that his indisposition was not corporeal, but mental, and therefore the more dangerous, unless speedily removed. Augustus endeavoured with all possible delicacy to learn the cause of his anxiety, and Miss Hewson informed him that her brother was at Lisbon, in the house of a wealthy correspondent of their father, previously to the invasion of Portugal,

and the occupation of the capital by the French: but that, since that period, several months had elapsed without her father's receiving any news from either of them, and that he began to dread his son was lost to him in this world. Augustus tried to console her, by recounting all the different means he could devise for her brother's escape; and added, that even if he remained in Portugal, all intercourse being cut off, his silence must follow of course. It appeared, however, that a despondency had seized upon the daughter, as well as the father, and he was obliged to take his leave, with expressing his hopes that they would soon receive such tidings as would set all their doubts and fears at rest.

Augustus would not make his friend unhappy by disclosing the whole of what had

had passed, and he told him, in a slight manner, that Miss Hewson could not at present leave her father, but that they might hope for her company soon. Lady Thrum, by Sir Jacob's desire, sent back an answer, expressive of his pleasure at finding his son so attentive to business, and of his hope that he would persevere to act as he had begun. In a postscript, she added, that the Major might be assured of a welcome, if his friend Brian could prevail on him to venture himself with them.

Augustus had no sooner obtained a draft of the agreement from the solicitor, than he set off with Brian to call upon the Major, who was enraptured with an invitation so flattering to his dearest hopes. They all three left town for Ewel, and found Sir Jacob in the happiest dis-

possession imaginable. He was as much delighted with the banking scheme as a child would be with a new bauble; and it seemed to him that his happiness could receive little addition, as he had that morning been presented with a fine haunch of venison, by a brother knight, and with a couple of Westphalia hams, by a brother alderman, both of high city renown for epicurism.

Brian alone found himself unhappy, because as often as his eyes wandered over the company, they were not blessed with the timid glances of his Charlotte's. Lady Thrum endeavoured to enliven him, by saying, that only one person was wanting to complete the happiness of the present circle, but she was very sure it would not be long wanting of that addition. The Major now enjoyed frequent

opportunities

opportunities of entertaining Maria in private, and his bliss added to the depression of Brian's spirits, who, in spite of friendship, could not but feel more acutely his own hopeless condition; for he now imagined that Mr. Hewson's indisposition was but a pretence to keep his daughter at a distance from him. He shunned company, and avoided even the consolation which friendship would have offered to him. His despondency grew so alarming, that Maria, at the request of her mother, wrote to her friend, to acquaint her with his situation, and to desire her to afford them some matter of consolation to bestow upon the despairing swain.

A very unexpected messenger brought the answer; he was no other than the Rev. Mr. Bonnycastle. Immediately on

the receipt of Brian's letter, he had posted off for London, and learning from Verjuice where his son was to be found, he resolved to hasten to him, after he should have gratified the dictates of friendship, by paying his respects to his old friend Mr. Newman; he had accordingly waited upon him, but, contrary to expectation, found him and his daughter overwhelmed with anxiety and grief. The worthy clergyman related the joyful cause of his unexpected journey to town, on which his friend congratulated him sincerely, whilst, at the same time, the tear trickled down his own cheek. Charlotte turned away her head, to conceal a similar distressing effusion.

"Merciful Heaven!—how is this?" cried Mr. Bonnycastle. "Are those tears on mine or your own account? Perhaps

the

the end of this journey, undertaken with so much joy, will be to learn that my son is——"

"Do not be alarmed, Sir," said Mr. Hewson; "your son, I believe, is well, and I hope happy, and worthy of such a father. Those tears are for my own son."

"He is not dead, I hope?"

"We know not. Suspense, doubt, fear, all distract us. He was in Lisbon when the French entered Portugal, and although several months have elapsed since their taking possession of Lisbon, we have never heard from him."

"But we must not anticipate fate; his death is far from being certain: our dependence is on Heaven, and distrust of its mercies are sinful. Remember, my dear friend, that you have another child."

"I have indeed—a most amiable one; I could, but for her, bear misfortune with resignation."

Charlotte could now restrain her grief no longer. She fervently grasped Mr. Bonnycastle's hand, and uttering, in broken accents—"Comfort my dear father," burst out of the room.

The worthy clergyman now urged the mysterious ways of Providence, which, though afflicting for a while, ever tend to our good in the end; and he did not fail to cite the patience and piety of Job, and his final reward, as a model for human observation, and an everlasting memorial of the first dispensation of the Almighty. Having, by degrees, called up the pious resignation of the devout Mr. Hewson, he desired him to confide to the bosom of friendship the extent of

the

the evil which had either actually befallen him, or which he only apprehended. He learned that Mr. Hewson had sustained heavy losses in business, through the failures of his correspondents in the various parts on the coasts of the Mediterranean, which had been seized on by the French, but that he still had considerable sums due to him from his correspondents in Lisbon, with one of whom his son had taken up his abode, when the French invaded the unfortunate kingdom of Portugal; also that, by this disaster, he had not only to apprehend the loss or captivity of his son, but, for want of remittances, he must soon be reduced to the most afflicting expedient that could be resorted to by a man of strict integrity—that of being compelled to call his creditors together.

"These are painful afflictions indeed," said Mr. Bonnycastle; "but Providence may still be prevailed on, by your prayers and resignation, to avert or remedy them. At the worst, you will never want a friend, nor your daughter a father. Alas! I hoped by this time to have had the happiness of calling her so:—it may be so yet. I learn that my son is affluent—I shall set off this instant to find him at Ewel, where I am informed he is upon a visit; if I find him worthy of your returning esteem, I shall beg you not to withhold it from him. You must promise me, on the score of our old friendship, to take no steps till you shall see me again."

Mr. Hewson promised, and he took his leave for the present, having received from Charlotte a letter for her friend Miss Thrum.

Mr.

Mr. Bonnycastle had no sooner been introduced to the hospitable entertainers of his son, than he desired a private conference with the latter.

"Before I give you the embrace of a father," said the old gentleman, "give me an account of your proceedings since your departure from Mr. Hewson's house."

Brian complied with this injunction, in general concealing only some few of the particulars which were the most humiliating to himself. The old gentleman then recounted the conversation which had passed between himself and Mr. Hewson.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Brian, "let us not lose a moment; let us fly to him, and all may be well yet."

"What do you intend to propose to him?"

"To offer my whole property to his disposal, till his own affairs can be settled, and to request moreover to permit me to return to my old situation, and assist him in his counting-house."

"Oh, my son, my dear son!" exclaimed the old gentleman, throwing his arms around his neck, "thou art now indeed my son! Though I disapprove of the steps by which you have secured your fortune, yet I hope Heaven will forgive them, since you know how to make a benevolent use of it. Let us go, and offer to Miss Hewson a heart undebauched by prosperity."

Not a moment was lost in acquainting the worthy family with their intention of leaving them; and Lady Thrum observed, that however happy they should have felt themselves in having Mr. Bonnycastle

and

and his father under their roof, yet that they preferred the consolation of a worthy family, and desired that they might be reckoned by Mr. Hewson amongst his firmest friends, and as ready to conduce all in their power towards any steps that might be thought expedient to restore him to his former happiness.

Brian gave her a look which bespoke the grateful sensations of his soul, and hastened off with his father. On reflection, Mr. Bonnycastle thought it would not be proper for his son to rush into Mr. Hewson's presence, and he left him at a neighbouring hotel, whilst he went to prepare for his reception.

"Rejoice with me, my friend!" cried Mr. Bonnycastle, on being again introduced to Mr. Hewson—"Rejoice with me! I have found my son; and, what is

infinitely

infinitely better, I have found him worthy of being called so. Would to Heaven that the short conversation I have had with him may make you think him worthy of bestowing the same appellation upon him! You shall hear—"

He then repeated what his son had desired him to propose.

Mr. Hewson was for a while silent, and seemed very much agitated. At length he asked Mr. Bonnycastle where his son was?

"He waits not far off, until I should have obtained your permission for him to wait upon you."

"I shall be happy to see him."

Mr. Bonnycastle went out, and presently returned with Brian, whose emotions were so violent on finding himself once more under this beloved roof, that

he

he could not utter a syllable. Mr. Hewson was little less moved; he advanced towards Brian, took him by the hand, and desired him to be seated. After a short pause, Mr. Hewson broke silence.

"I have been made acquainted by your father, Mr. Brian, with your truly generous proposal; believe me, I am fully sensible of the extent of the sacrifice which you would make to my honour, interest, and comfort—at the same time, you must excuse me for declining to accept it. Prudent as has been the whole tenor of my private life, punctual as has been my conduct in all my mercantile transactions, and heavy, unforeseen, and unavoidable as have been my losses, I cannot fear to meet those creditors to whom it is my severest affliction that I cannot do justice. I rely on my well-

known

known character for obtaining every indulgence that I can wish for from them, and I cannot think of involving my friends in the ruin of my fortune. I look forwards to the worst. Providence may yet have a better fate in reserve for me. At all events, I trust enough will be saved out of the wreck of my property to satisfy all demands, and a consciousness of integrity is the best support under adversity."

"I doubt not your fortitude," said the elder Mr. Bonnycastle; "but pray, Sir, consider your daughter."

"I am assured, my friend, that she, as well as myself, will prefer poverty, to the accepting obligations which we may never have it in our power to repay."

"Your acceptance of my proposal," cried Brian, with energy, "will not be

thought

thought to lay you under obligation, but as conferring the greatest happiness upon myself. At a time when I was not worth a shilling, you offered to bestow upon me your daughter and your fortune. I once managed your concerns to your satisfaction; permit me again to resume that happy employment, and in a short time all may be well again."

"My young friend," replied Mr. Newson, "I have never once entertained a doubt of the goodness of your heart, although I never thought to afford you such an opportunity to convince me of it. Your friend, Mr. Verjuice, called on me when you refused a trifling mark of gratitude, which I wished you to accept, but I do not decline your present offer out of retaliation. He can inform you, that at the same time I lamented your youthful

youthful errors, I did ample justice to your deserts. I even gave him to understand that I felt myself still interested in your welfare, although I begged him to conceal those sentiments from you, until I should see proper to reveal them to you myself. He has been with me several times since, unknown to you, and told me how your affairs went on. He informed me, that it was his intention, and your determination, the instant you should find yourself enabled, to enter into some creditable undertaking, to quit your present pursuits, and I gave him the first idea of that scheme which you are about to enter upon—I mean the banking line. How then can I consent to be myself the instrument of breaking up that scheme, and to hazard your prospects in life, on the chance of my tottering

ing fortune? He may moreover inform you, that the time was even approaching, when I intended to have signified my returning esteem for you; but the change in my own affairs—"

"Should not occasion a change in those sentiments," cried Brian, eagerly, "unless I have since been unhappy enough to give you any occasion for it."

"Far from it, Sir; on the contrary, your present conduct has raised my esteem to the highest pitch; at present there is a difficulty in giving you that testimony of it, which you, perhaps, would wish; that obstacle, however, may yet be surmounted. My son may have escaped from Lisbon, and my correspondents there may have preserved the means, as I have not the least doubt of their retaining the honesty, of remitting what is

due

due to me. Let us wait awhile. In the meantime, I shall be happy in the society of my old friend, and in the renewal of your intimacy in my family."

"Oh, you give me life again, my second father!" cried Brian. "But a sudden thought strikes me:—with which of your correspondents in Lisbon did your son reside?"

"With Signor Mendez da Silva. You must remember the name; we corresponded all the time you were with me."

"I do, Sir, very well. Excuse me for a short time—I may, perhaps, be able to procure you some intelligence—I shall only step to Great Prescot-street, Goodman's Fields."

"May Heaven prosper your inquiries!" exclaimed Mr. Hewson.

Brian had suddenly recollected that Pereiro,

Pereiro, the Portuguese gentleman whom he had met at the theatre, had recognized Signor Mendez da Silva amongst others; and he flew to his lodging in Prescot-street, as his address specified. He luckily met with him at home, and made known to him the immediate cause of his calling upon him. Pereiro replied, that he was very intimate with Da Silva; that he had secured all his large property by his advice, and had sailed in the same fleet with himself to the Brazils, where he saw him safely landed; and that, when he left him there, he had expressed his intention of following him soon to England.

"Do you recollect, Signor, whether any young Englishman accompanied him to the Brazils?"

"I cannot say, Sir, as we did not embark on board the same ship, although

we

mittances from him, and would draw bills upon him, he would pay them for his honour. This unexpected offer conveyed so substantial a confirmation of Pereiro's account, as re-established, in a great measure, Mr. Hewson's cheerfulness. He declined, however, accepting it, till the Signor should have received his trunks; and the day was passed in conviviality, Pereiro being easily prevailed upon to give them his company, and departing highly pleased at receiving an invitation from Mr. Hewson, to make his house his home. Miss Hewson also joined the party, and by her looks conveyed to Brian's heart somewhat of a more tender feeling than gratitude for his generous exertions, which gave him the brightest presage of future bliss.

The elder Mr. Bonnycastle took up

his residence wholly with Mr. Hewson, and never left him but once, when he went to wait upon their Graces of Fallowland, to return them his acknowledgments for their unexpected and unmerited patronage. His honest and sincere effusions were very pleasing to their Graces, particularly when they were informed upon how small an income he had managed to bring up so large a family. They condescended to express their happiness that the living had been bestowed where it was so much wanted, and so well deserved; and desired the worthy clergyman to call upon them whenever he should come into their neighbourhood.

Brian daily waited upon Signor Pereiro, and accompanied him to the custom-house, to get news of the vessel. It arrived at last. The Signor opened his

trunks, and found a packet addressed to Mr. Hewson, merchant, St. Mary Axe, London, England. They hastened to deliver it into the hands of Mr. Hewson, who, looking at the superscription, said, "It is indeed from my friend Da Silva!" He broke open the seal with a trembling hand. "All is well!" cried he; and reading on, "My son is safe!—They will be here soon!"

The packet dropped from his hands—he fell on his knees, and uttered a pious ejaculation, intermingled with tears of joy, in which all the rest sympathized with him. Charlotte entered the room at this instant; she flew to her father, knelt beside him, throwing her arms round his neck, and bathing him with her tears, as he again sobbed out the joyful tidings. Mr. Hewson at length rose up,

up, and taking the elder Mr. Bonnycastle by the hand, exclaimed—"Oh, my friend, you have indeed proved yourself a friend!" Then turning to Brian, he took him by the hand, and said—"My son, you have indeed proved yourself worthy to be my son, I here give you my daughter's hand, (joining them) her heart I know has been long your's." Then, taking Pereiro also by the hand, he said—"Signor, what happiness have you been the instrument of conveying to a distressed father and daughter! I shall be proud of your acquaintance, and I hope you will not find me unworthy of your's."

Brian now imprinted the seal of his happiness on his Charlotte's hand, who crimsoned, not from awkward bashfulness or affectation—the former she was

a stranger to, the latter she despised—and she disengaged her hand from Brian, only to throw her arms round his father's neck, exclaiming—"Then I may at last have the happiness of calling you my dear father?"

"Yes, my amiable daughter! and Heaven be thanked for bestowing upon me such an additional blessing."

"I would not, my children, delay your happiness a day longer," said Mr. Hewson, addressing himself to his daughter and Brian, "but I am assured that you yourselves will readily consent to put it off till my son's arrival, when, I understand from this packet, that he is to accompany you to the altar, to which he will have the happiness of leading the only daughter of my friend Da Silva."

"I have

"I have known her from her infancy," said Pereiro, "and a more amiable young lady does not exist."

Miss Hewson now begged leave to withdraw for a short time, to send an account of these joyful events, to relieve the anxiety of their friends at Ewel. Brian also wished to inform his worthy friend Verjuice of his happiness, but Mr. Hewson insisted that he should not leave the company, as Mr. Verjuice, whom he very much respected, should be immediately sent for. A messenger was dispatched for him accordingly, and Verjuice made his appearance in little more than an hour.

Old Mr. Bonnycastle advanced and took him by the hand, saying—"It is to you, Sir, I am indebted for my present happiness; you have been the friend and guar-

dian of my boy, when I could not assist him. Accept the grateful thanks of a father, for a son preserved to him."

"I hate compliments," replied Verjuice; "and, besides, I do not deserve them. Verging on old age, without a relation in the world, I wished to find a friend, and I found him in this boy; I have long loved him, as if he had been of my own begetting, and I now rejoice in his happiness, as if he were really so. If it will be any inducement to you, Mr. Hewson, to bestow your daughter upon my boy, I shall, as I have before hinted to you, settle all I have upon him after my death."

"She is already bestowed upon him, Sir."

"Is she? Why then I'll be bound for his good behaviour. Well, now I suppose

pose all our frolics will be over; you will have other business to mind now."

"Indeed, Sir," said Miss Hewson, "I should be very sorry to put the least constraint upon Mr. Bonnycastle's enjoyment of his friends; I hope rather to make myself esteemed by them; and shall never think he can give too much of his company to one who has deserved so much from him."

"Spoken like a sensible girl!" cried Verjuice, "and I long to put you to the trial. When is the happy day to be?"

"Not far distant, I hope," said Mr. Hewson, explaining to him the cause of the delay.

"Well, well, Brian, my boy, you must make yourself as easy as you can in the interval; you are within sight of port, and will shortly come to anchor."

A messenger arrived the next morning with a letter of congratulation on the restoration of happiness, and intreating Mr. and Miss Hewson, and as many friends as they chose to bring with them, to come to Ewel, that their friends there might participate in it with them. Mr. Hewson could not leave town, on account of his business, and his impatience to see his son the instant of his arrival; but he thought that the society at Ewel would tend to relieve the minds of the betrothed couple, and he recommended to them to accept the invitation, promising to bring his son with him to join them. They accordingly set off, accompanied by Verjuice, the elder Mr. Bonnycastle not choosing to leave Mr. Hewson.

The happiness and gaiety of the new comers ran through the whole house, and

Brian

Brian urged this as the most favourable opportunity for the Major to take courage, and make his proposals to Sir Jacob and his Lady, assuring him at the same time of the certainty of his being well seconded by her Ladyship. The Major followed his advice; and having laid the wishes of his heart, and the state of his affairs, before the Knight and his Lady, left them to consider of his proposal. A short conference ensued, in which her Ladyship had no hard matter to convince her husband, that if the Major had not the fortune of Sir John Spanker, yet he had the sense not to squander away what he had upon blacklegs; and was, in every other respect, worthy of the alliance of any family.

"Well, well," said the Knight, "my friend Hewson is a wise man, and he is

glad that his daughter is going off his hands; I think I may as well follow his example; for if we should forbid her to think of the Major, I suppose a trip to Gretna-green, and a letter to beg pardon, and a blessing, would be the end of it."

"Poh, Sir Jacob, how can you entertain so bad an opinion of your daughter?"

"Not of her in *particular*, my dear."

"Of the whole sex then?"

"All daughters of Eve—sure to eat *forbidden* fruit."

"Then we may as well prevent her disobedience, by consenting with a good grace."

"Well, well, if the Major can get the girl's consent—but I suppose he has got that already."

"It is a very proper mark of respect

to

to the person who is to bestow her hand, to solicit her permission to apply to her friends for their approbation."

"Oh, very well then, if she has given him her hand, we must not let him have it to say that she came to him *empty-handed.*"

"That's your look-out," said her Ladyship, laughing, and running out of the room.

The Knight imagined that she was flown off to be before-hand with him in spreading the news of this new match, and he hastened down to the sitting-parlour, and addressing himself to her Ladyship, exclaimed—"What, you're here already! Wonder you had not burst with the secret before you got down stairs."

Then, turning to the Major, without waiting for an answer, he continued—

"So,

"So, Major! what, you wish to be following your friend Bonnycastle's example; and you, Maria, you have no objection to take pattern by your friend Miss Hewson. Well, if you have agreed upon it, take her, Major, and *starve* with her."

The whole of this curious speech had been uttered in so abrupt a manner, that the company was at a loss to guess whether he was pleased or angry.

"Nay, nay, not *starve*, Sir Jacob, I hope," said Verjuice.

"Why, Sir," said the Knight, "he must not expect to fare very sumptuously with her, for, with all the instructions of her mother and myself, she could never make any proficiency in that charming and most useful art, the *art of cookery*."

This whimsical explanation at once convinced the hearers that the Knight's [illegible]" was

was a sally of wit, and not of anger, and convulsed them with laughter. Lady Thrum was very much hurt at this abrupt and indelicate exposure of Sir Jacob; but as the discovery had been made only to friends, who guessed pretty well what was to be the event, and as Sir Jacob had been brought to her point so readily, she would not damp the mirth of the company.

"Well," said Sir Jacob, delighted with the success of his first *jeu d'esprit*, "when I shall have deposited my son in a banking-house, and immured my daughter for life within the walls of matrimony, I shall only have to lay my wife under ground, and then I shall have got all my family off my hands."

"And liberty to marry your *cook*," said her Ladyship, rather angrily; "but you

you will still have the heaviest burthen, I mean yourself upon your hands."

"True, my Lady, that is the heaviest burthen: as I may get rid of all the rest in my lifetime, but that I must carry with me to the grave."

"Yes," cries my Lady; "for as Shakespeare says—

"— like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee."

"Stay till I'm buried, my Lady, and then you may call me an ass, or what you please."

"Come, come, Sir Jacob, let's talk of the living, and not the dead," cried Verjuice; "of the two services, I had rather hear the matrimonial one ten times, than the burial one once. You are a poet, and

and must compose an *epithalamium* for us to *sing*."

"Aye, that's somewhat on marriage; is it not? I composed one once; I think I can remember it. The title of it was—*Union and Disunion—a matrimonial medley.*"

"Now for a second edition of the *Sonnet on the Pigs,*" said her Ladyship.

"No, my Lady, I have said that it was made on those other animals—*man* and *wife.* Hear it first, and you cannot mistake the subject afterwards:—

'Hail marriage! source of earthly joys,
If folks would rightly use it;
But oft (as children serve their toys)
They spoil it, and abuse it.

Sometimes 'tis honey, love, and dear!
Oh, then 'tis very pleasing;
But when 'tis hussey, jade, and bear!
Oh then 'tis very teasing.

Two horses, if they draw one way,
Their toil will soon be ending,
But if a diff'rent game they play,
They'll ne'er have done contending.

So, if a couple, bound for lives,
Together pull, 'tis charming;
But if one 'gainst the other strives,
The devil gave *house-warming*."

The company laughed heartily, whether at

Sir Jacob's wit,
Or want of it,

the reader must judge for himself; but he may know from experience, that when people are fully disposed to mirth, it matters little to them on what occasion they give loose to it.

At length a coach and four drove to the gate, bringing Mr. Hewson and son,

the

the elder Mr. Bonnycastle, the Signor Da Silva, and his daughter. The meeting between the younger Hewson and his sister was truly affecting; that between the former and Brian was more solemn, but no less affecting, as it brought to recollection past scenes of distress, which, however, were soon buried in the general joy and mutual congratulations. Sir Jacob acquainted Mr. Hewson with the alliance about to take place in his own family, and proposed that the whole of the three marriages should take place at Epsom Church, and be kept up at his house; but Mr. Hewson objected, that as Signora Da Silva was of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the ceremony must be performed according to the rites of that church, for which purpose they must return to London; but he promised that

they would all return to celebrate the nuptial occasion at Ewel. This compromise pleased Sir Jacob, and was acceded to.

On the next day they set out for London, and on the following morning Signora da Silva and Mr. Hewson, junior, were united at the Sardinian Chapel, in Wellclose-square, in the presence of her father, his friend Pereiro, Mr. Hewson, senior, and Mr. Bonnycastle, the father. They then returned to Mr. Hewson's house, whence they all set out for the parish church, where the three ceremonies were performed successively, according to the rites of the Church of England. That done, they all drove off for Ewel, to celebrate these events, which bestowed happiness on so many worthy persons.

To

To conclude—Brian now found himself at the summit of earthly happiness; and he endeavoured, by a subsequent life of piety, morality, and benevolence, to make the fullest atonement in his power for the vicious pursuits of his youth.

FINIS.

Lane, Darling, & Co. Leadenhall-Street.

WORKS

Printed at the Minerva-Press,

With the Reviewers' Opinions.

BERTRAND,

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A NORTHUMBRIAN NOBLEMAN.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

3 vols. price 15s.

"This work contains a considerable degree of interest, and is very different in its construction from the general run of novels, as there is not a single love adventure throughout the whole; yet the author has ingeniously contrived to awaken attention, and keep his reader in suspense to the last page. The fate of Bertrand is rather of a sombre cast, and some of his adventures border too much on the marvellous: we can, nevertheless, venture to recommend it as an amusing and unexceptionable novel, and one with which every reader of taste and sensibility must be highly gratified."

Lady's Monthly Museum, January 1809.

GUISCARD,

OR THE MYSTERIOUS ACCUSATION.

BY HORACE VERE.

2 vols. 12mo. 8s.

The style of this novel is always simple and dignified, and in some parts even masterly; and the story, though rather intricate, is interesting and moral. It shews the powers of Friendship, and the benefit of her exertions: but we were sorry to see the noble and ardent Sir Eustace led by his affection for his friend into an act of treachery, even towards the despicable Bolebec. The abbot's description of his own old age is touching and pathetic.

Monthly Review, Sep. 1809.